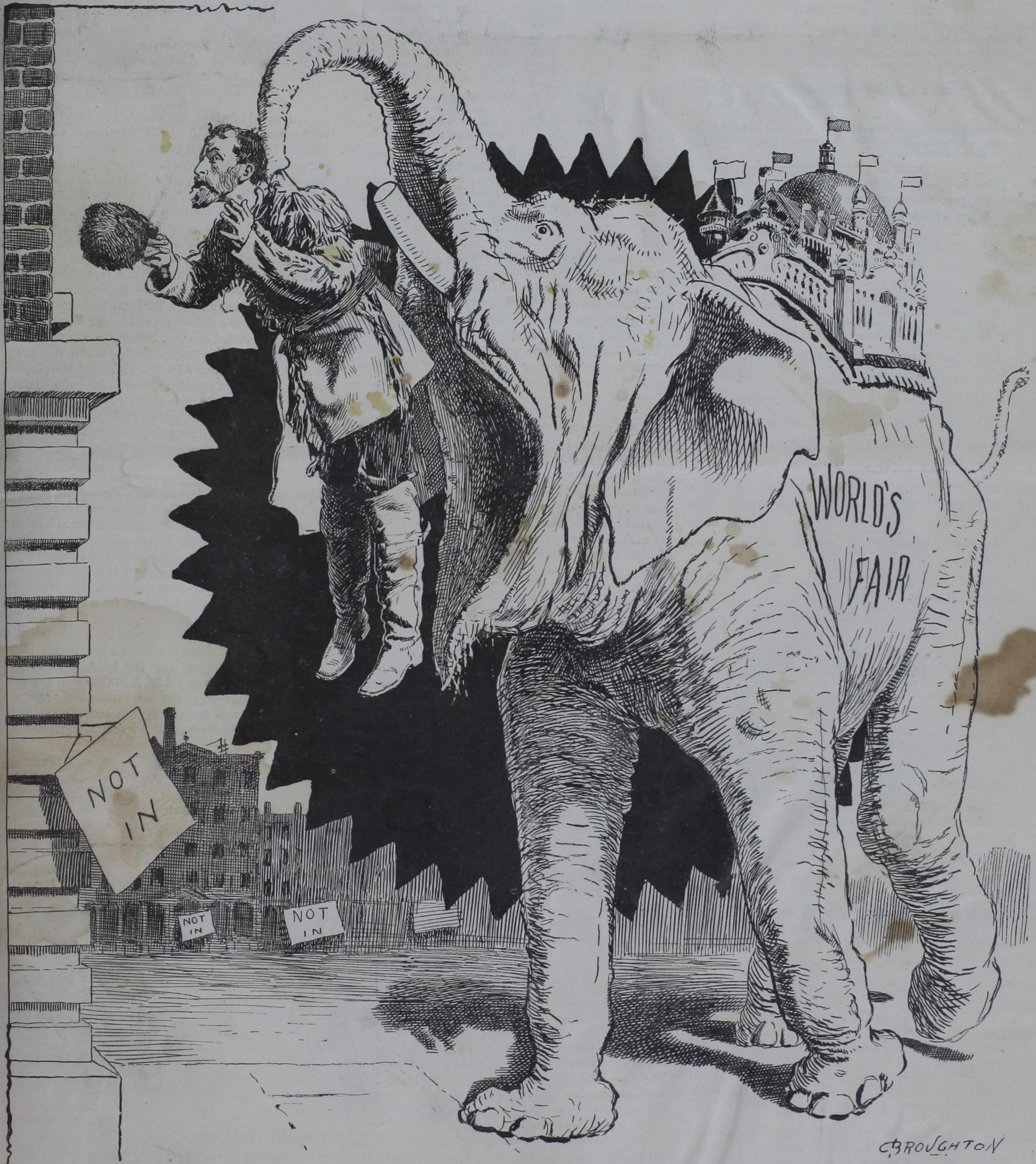


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A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

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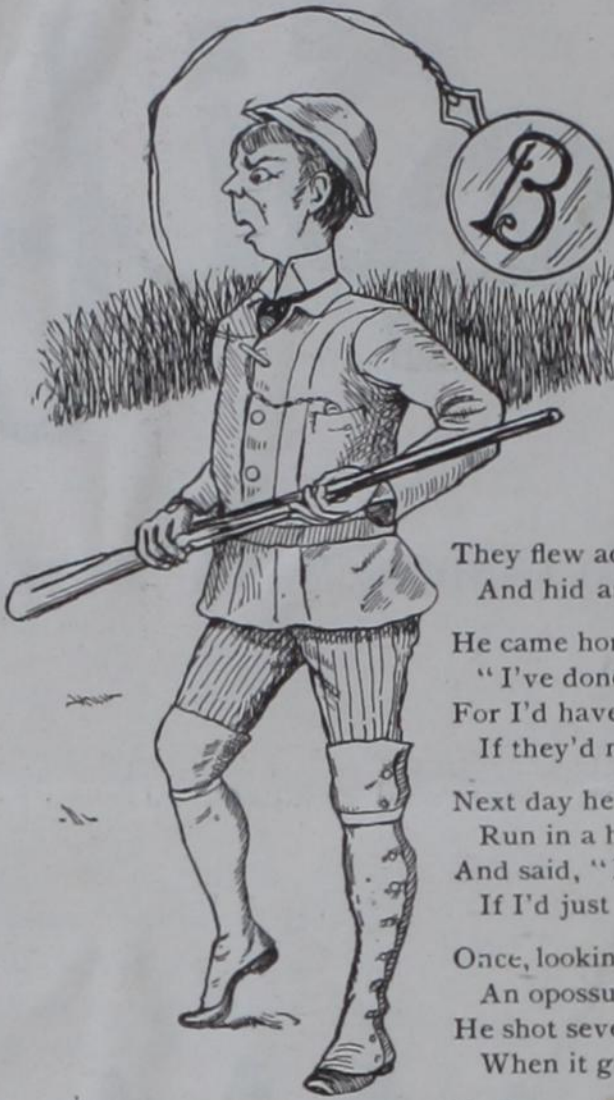
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IN A. MINER'S KEY.

A DROP of the crater—lava.
A SHOOTING star—Buffalo Bill.
THE light of other days—candles.
PIETY that doesn't pay its debts is spurious.
A CAPITAL paper—Kate Field's Washington.
FURNITURE for a surgeon's office—bone settee.
TAKEN at his word—arrested for saying damn.
A TEN-STRIKE—finding a ten-dollar bill on the street.
EVERY thief is in favor of protection for the steal industry.
A PRINTER must be a pretty skillful surgeon to set broken type.
In order to be a successful sculptor one must be correct at figures.
"CANTO I," sighed the poet when he was refused credit at the store.
A MAN may be silent about his vices; they generally speak for themselves.
A GRAIN of common sense may be of more value than a scruple of conscience.
"SAD is my Lot," remarked Mrs. L. as she found herself turned into a pillar of salt.
If trees have soles, as some people claim, then cork trees must be furnished with cork soles.
AN evening call is generally productive of pleasure—if not when you come at least when you go.
TEACHER—What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses? Small Boy—Pull down the blinds.
AS THREE balls has always been the emblem of the business, Tubal Cain could not have been a pawn broker.
A FAT doctor in New York has sold out his office piece by piece, until he finds himself reduced to a mere skeleton.
A CHINAMAN in New York wants to translate Josh Billings' works into his language. He says he just worships Josh.
THERE is one Indiana man who hasn't applied to President Harrison for an office. He was blown up with dynamite over a year ago.
HE said he was a stock jobber, but he proved to be simply hired to "job" stock on a cattle train with a stick to make them stand around.
THE fashion editor of a frontier paper, about the time of an Indian scare, said he was sorry to observe that whoops were coming in again.
ONE way for a man to find out how many friends he has is to put a billiard table in his house. Add a well-stocked sideboard and the number can be easily doubled.



RAVE SAMMY, THE DUDE.

He wouldn't have changed places
With any in the land,
When, first equipped for hunting,
He bravely took his stand.

He whistled as he hunted,
And scared a flock of quails;

They flew across the cornfield,
And hid among some rails.

He came home, loudly boasting,
"I've done first-rate to-day;
For I'd have killed a dozen,
If they'd not flown away."

Next day he saw a rabbit
Run in a hollow log,
And said, "I'd sure have had him
If I'd just been a dog."

Once, looking through his eye-glass,
An opossum he espied:
He shot seven charges at it,
When it got tired, and died.

He dropped his gun in horror,
And reeled home as if drunk;
"Just think," said he, "my feelings
If that had been a skunk!"

MEAN.

Who is it that comes out at regular intervals with a newspaper screed about drunkenness in women? We have a suspicion that they are the productions of some wretch who indulges in periodical sprees himself, and in getting over one his head aches and he feels mean generally, and he vents his spleen against the other sex. It is the old Adam spirit, which prompted our earliest progenitor to charge Eve with purloining the first cider apple. It is real mean, that's what it is.

WHY IS IT?

Can anybody tell why a drunken man has such a fancy for railroad tracks? He will go miles out of his way at night to find them, and when found he immediately wants to lie down and take a nap. There must be something peculiarly soothing in the contact of the cold iron of the rail as it adapts itself to the back of his neck. Sober men wander about for hours in a strange town, hunting a depot, but an inebriate can strike a railroad track in five minutes when it is dark as topet.

WITH HARNESS ON.

"Died on a Railway Train," is the heading of a news item concerning the sudden demise of an old commercial traveler in Texas. When men went to battle in armor, it was considered honorable and even desirable to "die with harness on," and such things were extolled in story and in song. Yet there be soldiers in the battle of life who are daily falling in the line of duty—dying with harness on—to whom little consideration is given. The commercial traveler passes a very considerable portion of his time on railroads, going from place to place in the discharge of his duties. He is more accustomed to the rumble and roar of the rushing train than he is to the quiet and repose of home. The locomotive shriek is more familiar to his ear than the voices of wife and children. But it is to preserve that home and to provide for his loved ones that he follows the nomadic life he does. The old commercial traveler whose life passed away on that noisy train, away from all he held dear, died with harness on as thoroughly as any armored knight of the big wars that make ambition virtue.

TO CLOSE UP A PAGE.

SIFTINGS' foreman has just put his head in the door of our sanctum and calmly asked for a stickful or so of humor in order to close up a page. There was no more ceremony about it, and no more thought of a refusal from the editor, than if he had requested the loan of a lead-pencil. It is a pleasant thing to promptly respond to such calls, and it is a source of constant pride to us that we are able to do so. Occasionally, too, there is an addition to our pleasure by the fact of the request being overheard by some admiring friend who may happen to be visiting us. At such times we are afforded an admirable pretext for excusing ourself to a long-winded caller while we dash off the required amount of humor to close up the page. It is a great thing to write fun off-hand, in quantities to suit. Few men can do it, and that is the reason we are kept at our desk so constantly. Will this do, Mr. Foreman? All right. If it be necessary to add a line or two more to fill up the page please let me know. Always willing to oblige.

GHOSTS PLAYING OUT.

The breed of ghosts is running down and out; there isn't any sort of doubt about it. There was a time within the memory of many a grandmother, when a ghost had some style about him, as well as considerable individuality. If he wished to manifest himself he would stalk in skeleton form into a crowded room and clank a chain that had the ring of true metal about it; or he would dash, with gleaming eye-sockets and grinning jaws, through a town at dead of night, on a white horse which snorted red fire instead of breath. Sometimes he would choke misers to death, scare drunkards into sobriety and in other ways show himself worth talking about. When he had any communication to make he did it by word of mouth, although the words sounded as though they came from the deepest recesses of a sepulchre. But how are the mighty fallen! Nobody sees a ghost now except in a play or in one of Herrmann's performances. Instead of talking, ghosts rap idiotically upon tables to express their meaning, express charges being paid by the medium's dupes. Even then it requires some one equally idiotic to determine what they mean.

CONVERSATION.

Whoever is desirous of dining well every day at other peoples expense, before all things let him cultivate the art of conversation. Conversation is, and ever will be, an art, and to the great majority of civilized bipeds, a mystery in the bargain. There is not one man in a hundred, nay, scarcely in a thousand, whose colloquial merits are an equitable exchange for a beefsteak and a bottle of champagne; and the proof of the matter is the price which a good talker bears in the market, and the access which plausible pretenders enjoy in the best of society. "To write," say the lawyers in their iniquitous jargon, "is to act." Had they said as much of "to speak," there might be some truth in the assertion; for conversational powers, though but of a secondary quality, are a passport to all the best and most select dinners.



HIS ONLY CHANCE.

MALE FRIEND—Allow me to congratulate you that your husband has been elected a member of the Board of Aldermen.

WIFE OF CANDIDATE—Thank you. I'm glad, too, on his account. He will have a chance at last to talk back a little. He don't get it in this house.

HUSBAND—Ha! ha! ha! Funny, aint it?

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XX.



SON of St. Louis, Philip the Hardy, succeeded him on his death. Hardy he was in constitution, but his education had been very much neglected. He took advantage of his father's absence from home superintending crusades to run away from school continually, and his mother couldn't do anything with him. He would

rather play truant with some mate of his disposition than try to obtain learning, but he afterwards learned to his cost that a king's son can no more neglect the opportunities for obtaining a good common school education, with impunity, than the son of one of his meanest subjects.

It was during the reign of Philip III. that the tragedy known as the "Sicilian Vespers" was enacted. The French held Sicily, and the impetuous people of that island of the Mediterranean chafed under the yoke. At Palermo, on the occasion of one of the festivals of Easter week, March 30, 1282, as the citizens were flocking to Vespers, a French soldier grossly insulted a Sicilian girl, for which he was immediately stabbed to death by her lover, who was by her side. This was the signal for a violent explosion of fury. Cries of "Death to the French!" resounded on all sides, and a dreadful massacre commenced, which continued in the streets of Palermo through the whole night. From the capital the insurrection spread to other cities of Sicily, until over eight thousand French were butchered, without distinction of age, sex or condition.

Charles of Anjou, uncle to Philip the Hardy, held command in Sicily, but he was away at the time. He returned to punish the Sicilians for their vespers of blood, but he found himself opposed by Peter of Aragon, who had been crowned King of Sicily, basing his claims on his connection by marriage with the house of Hohenstauffen, a celebrated German family. Charles threatened to knock the (Hohen)stauffen out of him, but in the naval engagement which followed Peter was the victor. He then whipped the combined forces of Philip and his uncle Charles. Philip afterwards marched a French army of invasion into Aragon, Spain, but he was glad to escape, with only a remnant of the army left. Spain has never been an easy country to invade. Philip fell victim to fever contracted during this disastrous campaign (1285), for he wasn't as Hardy as he had been.

He was succeeded by his son, Philip IV., surnamed the Handsome, an able but despotic sovereign. He extended royal authority more rapidly than any of his successors, for he believed that when a man was king he should be king. He humbled the power of the great nobles, opposing the bourgeoisie, or middle classes, to them most skillfully. He organized the Parliament of Paris, which became the recognized organ of the supreme central organization. He snubbed the haughty nobility, but when the common people came to him to redress their wrongs he did the Handsome thing by them, which made him very popular and insured him a second term.

Like one of his predecessors, he cited an English king, Edward I., to come to Paris and answer to charges preferred against him, but Edward preferred not to come. Philip declared Edward contumacious and pronounced the forfeiture of all his fiefs held of the crown of France, as well as most of his drums.

And so it went in those days. An English king would marry a wife in France and receive a province or two with her as a dower, the extent and value of the province depending upon the anxiety of her titled family to marry her off. After a while France would get up a war with England and take the province back, refusing, however, to take back the bride. She was irretrievably given away.

Peace was restored between England and France by means of a double marriage, suggested by Pope Boniface. Edward of England espoused Philip's sister Marguerite; and Edward's son, the first Prince of

Wales (afterwards Edward II.), married Philip's daughter, Isabella, then only six years old.

One of the achievements of Philip the Handsome was the subjection of the rich province of Flanders to the French crown, robbing it without mercy. A revolt was the consequence, which the French attempted to put down, but they were defeated with terrible loss in their first battle, and peace was soon after declared. The Flemish were a brave people. They possessed exalted courage if they did live in the Low Countries.

Philip carried on a bitter war against Pope Boniface and the See of Rome. Rome didn't see just as Philip did. See? The Pope hurled a bull at him, but Philip immediately took the bull by the horns and hurled it back. The States-General of France was convoked by the King in 1302, the first time this was done. Pope excommunicated King, King indicted Pope. The excitement of this quarrel, increased by a personal assault made upon him by some ardent adherents of the King, caused the death of Pope Boniface at the age of eighty-six.

Philip secured the election of a French Pope, who was crowned at Lyons and fixed the papal residence at Avignon, France, where it remained for seventy years, five other French popes succeeding him.

Another momentous act of Philip IV. was the suppression of the Knights Templar, who for nearly two centuries had fought the battles of the Crusades. The Order had become wealthy, proud and covetous, and Philip determined to put them down. All the prominent Knights Templar throughout France were arrested and put in prison, causing the annual parade of the Commandery to be postponed. Some sixty of the leading Templars were burned at the stake in Paris, and the Order was annulled by order of Pope Clement. One of them in dying said Philip and Clement would follow him within a year, and they did, both dying in 1314.

"BOUNCED."

There is something very humiliating in being "bounced," even when the pill is sugar-coated by the more soothing term "resigned."

There is no position in life from which a man may not be bounced. In fact, we are all liable to be bounced out of life itself, at any moment, particularly if we travel much on the cars.

Difficult as it must be, it is nevertheless possible for a gentleman of culture and refinement to accustom himself to being "fired," which term in popular parlance is synonymous with bounced. It is even stated that some men have become so accustomed to harsh treatment while seeking an exit that they have come to like it.

For instance, a man at a hotel in New York fell the full length of a flight of stairs. Servants rushed to pick him up. They asked him if he was hurt. "No," he replied, "not at all. I'm used to coming down that way. I have been soliciting subscriptions for the World's Fair."

Among those who are hurt most from being bounced is the young man who suffers from the boot of his girl's pa.

Strange as it may appear, it is usually a cold day for a man when he is fired.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

Sunday seems to be the regular day for a Polish riot in Buffalo. It is singular what different treatment priests receive from the female members of their respective flocks. In Buffalo the Polish women sprang upon the back of Father Pawler and came very near choking him to death before he could be rescued by the police. Dr. McGlynn, on the other hand, is almost an object of adoration by the female members of his former congregation. In both cases the poor priest is in danger of suffocation, though death by hugging would be preferable to being strangled by the hands of enraged parishioners.



A HARDER THING YET.

BEAMER—There goes Athleticus. He's a great fellow on the running high jump; I've seen him go over a bill-board.

GRUMPY—Ah? Did he ever jump a board-bill?

FRUITFUL SOIL.

"The soil of California is so fruitful," said a native of the Golden State, "that a man who accidentally dropped a box of matches in his field, discovered the next year a fine forest of telegraph poles."

"That's nothing to my State," said a native of Illinois. "A cousin of mine who lives there lost a button off his jacket, and in less than a month he found a brand new suit of clothes hanging on a fence near the spot."

ALMOST A HINT.

He—Give me a kiss?

She—You should be ashamed of yourself.

Ashamed of what?

Of asking for a kiss when you have such a chance to take one.

IT WENT FURTHER.

Editor—There isn't sufficient action to this comic sketch of yours.

Artist—Action! Why, great Scott! it has moved around to nine or ten papers already!



A PRUDENT MISS.

SISTER—Wendell, will you do me a favor?

WENDELL—Certainly, if I can. What is it?

Mr. Hoyt has been here and asked me to become his wife, and I told him I would give him his answer next week.

Well, what is the favor you ask?

I want you to get his financial rating for me.

THE MODERN MISSIONARY.



I—HIS ARRIVAL.

I.

Some years ago, so rumor says,
There went from here, in pious craze,
To teach the heathen christian ways
A pious mission-a-ry.
He stopped off at the Cannibal Isles,
The chief received him there with smiles,
With funny stories he beguiles
The savages unwary.
They laughed to hear his chestnut jokes,
Which he sprung on the heathen folks,
But still that tribe he could not hoax—
That pious mission-a-ry!



2—HE WATCHES A GAME OF BASE-BALL.

II.

To civilize them one and all
He used his native Yankee gall,
And taught them how to play base-ball—
That artful mission-a-ry!
He placidly the game observes,
And sees the pitcher try his curves,
Which really shocked the striker's nerves—
They came in so contrary!
He laughed to see one steal a base,
And round the festive diamond chase,
And get a "home run" on his face,
That jolly mission-a-ry!

III.

As usual in base-ball games
The players called the umpire names,



3—THEY CLUB THE UMPIRE,

And knocked him down with frequent aims
Which shocked the mission-a-ry!
They beat the umpire black and blue,
Their bats around his body flew,
Until the fellow hardly knew
The cause of this vagary!
Before the game was ended quite
They'd killed the referee outright,
Which was, of course, a painful sight
To our poor mission-a-ry!

IV.

Then after lunching on the dead,
They to the Yankee preacher said
He'd have to umpire be instead—
Alas, poor mission-a-ry!
He begged that some one else they'd name,



4—MISSIONARY INVITED TO PARTAKE OF UMPIRE STEW.

And said he'd no desire for fame,



5—HIS FLIGHT.

Poor foolish mission-a-ry?

V.

So, finding he was in a scrape,
While they were getting things in shape,
Upon a raft he made escape—
That wily mission-a-ry!
They yelled and shouted from the shore
For him to go and keep the score,
But quick he plied his single oar
Till free from his quandary.
And now no souls of savage men
Will tempt him from his city den,
To teach the heathen ball again—
So says the mission-a-ry!

JOHN S. GREY.

A FEMALE HERCULES.

There is a remarkable young woman living in Genesee county, New York, according to a Rochester paper—a Miss Emily Harper, who from being a frail, delicate girl has suddenly developed into a female Hercules. Yet she is only eighteen and weighs but one hundred and ten pounds. The first indications of this quality exhibited themselves in a tendency to break whatever dishes she happened to take hold of in the kitchen. This, however, is not an unusual thing among house servants of the most feeble constitution. Miss Harper would pick up some household article and it would immediately be broken in her grasp. A coal scuttle would collapse as easily as a lamp chimney, and a wash-tub crush like an egg-shell.

One day her mother upbraided her for breaking so many things about the house, and advised her to be more careful in moving the wood-box or blacking the stove. She didn't like to see the kitchen littered up with fragments of these articles—seemed sort of "shiftless."

Emily began to weep, saying she couldn't help it. She threw herself upon her mother's neck—and nearly broke it, of course. Then she embraced her mother so tenderly that when she let go the old lady dropped on the floor unconscious, with two of her best ribs broken. Overwhelmed with grief at what she had done, Emily stooped to raise her, and nearly broke her back.

Then her father came in and wanted to know what had been going on—what had broken mother up so.

"I didn't do anything to mother," sobbed Emily; "I only put my arms around her so, and did like this," giving her father an affectionate squeeze. The old man collapsed, too, although he had been a lumberman in the Maine woods and had been accustomed to wrestle bears for amusement. He said he never got such a hug as that before.

Just then her lover dropped in, and Emily was about to throw her arms about him, when her father, who had recovered his breath, rushed between them in time to save the young man's ribs.

"No, no, Emily," cried the parent, "spare Jim, (Jim was a spare young man), and if you must hug some one hug your old father. I am of no further use, and not likely to live very long, anyhow."

It finally dawned upon the family that Miss Emily had suddenly developed a mysterious muscular power, and that she was as dangerous as a live electric wire until she could learn to control it. The doctors who have examined her are puzzled. They think, however, that this Samsonian strength may subside after a while, but in the meantime they advise her to abstain from hugging. Jim is inconsolable. He says he would like to have her try the new clinch on him just once, ribs or no ribs! At last accounts Emily was heroically restraining herself.

LEFT THE CITY.

A.—What has become of that slick rascal, Beatem-all?

B.—He's left the city.

A.—Left the city, has he? Well, that's lucky. If there was half a chance he would have taken the city with him.



A DISTINCTION.

FIRST TANK—John, what's bezzet than ole whisky?

SECOND TANK—Why, dear boy, very ole whisky, of course!

TREATMENT OF WITNESSES.

In this crazy world in which we live the administration of justice is badly mismanaged frequently. The treatment of witnesses in some cases is simply infamous. In fact, where the thief is an alderman, or merely a citizen who has influence, the perceiver is a great deal worse off than the thief. The latter gets out on bail, while the unfortunate witness is locked up in the house of detention. Such is the law in New York.

When a respectable poor man has been so unfortunate as to witness the overt act of some influential citizen, the wretched creature—still referring to the impecunious uninfluential witness—is shoved into an abode worse than a prison where he has to breathe a foul atmosphere in crowded companionship with dissolute women.

Of course, when the witness is called into court and placed on the stand, he must expect to be insulted and brow-beaten by the hired attorneys of the influential fellow who is being vindicated. There is no remedy for that, but the detained witness should be treated with reasonable hospitality. Of course, he cannot expect to revel in as much luxury as the moneyed criminal who is out on bail, but the distinction between the witness and the accused should be lessened if possible.

The administration of justice in New York is such that it is very difficult to write about it at all without being sarcastic.

SIBERIAN AND AMERICAN MINES.

The reports of Russian outrages that reach this country are blood-curdling at times. We read the stories of Siberian mines and wonder that such things can exist in this age of civilization. Yet it is possible that the tales are exaggerated and too highly colored. It is profitable to write up outrages by the Czar just now, and at least one lecturer is coining money by describing them (magic lantern illustrations) upon the platform.

But while we display proper indignation over cruelty, tyranny and wrong in Russia, it would be well not to become blind to political and social defects at home. We don't send our convicts to toil in mines, but in too many instances men who toil in mines to make a living for their families are submitted to tyrannies and extortions that would make a Russian task-master blush. Rations may be a little short in a Siberian mine but miners have been starved to death in this country in order that mine owners might fatten and grow rich. The tales of misery and wrong that occasionally reach the public through the newspapers, are



A NECK THAT WAS OF NO ACCOUNT.

STABLE PROPRIETOR (looking at horse and sleigh, both about used up)—Well, young man, you might as well have bought that turnout before you left here.

ALGY (the dude)—Good gracious! aw—ain't it enough that—aw—I have nearly had my neck broke and my wardrobe ruined, that you want me to pay damages?

STABLE PROPRIETOR (sarcastically)—Your neck broke? I don't see any damage in that.

enough to make one ashamed of his country. It is the selfishness and cupidity of corporations owning and controlling mines that is responsible, many times, for the disasters by which so many poor men lose their lives.

Won't it be difficult to preserve one's gravity in a gravity tunnel that carries him from New York to Brooklyn in less than a minute?

continually from the army of borrowers. If there were no pawnbrokers the infliction would be increased a hundred fold. To the would-be borrower you can say: "Apply to your uncle, and give me a chance to recuperate."

It is a queer thing in the ethics of kinship that a man usually rushes for his "uncle" after bidding good-by to his "ante."

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE OSTRICH.

This is one of the largest birds, but it does not fly. The benefits of its being a bird are counteracted by this fact. It seems an irony of nature for it to give an animal wings and then make them so small that they are no practical use to it.

The ostrich is also one of the most important of birds on account of its feathers, but in this case fine feathers do not make fine birds, for the ostrich is an ungainly, homely bird; its feathers go to make fine ladies' hats. The feathers as the ostrich wears them are not considered in proper condition to use until they have been curled and colored to match their complexion.

The ostrich is a good runner, if it cannot fly, and can outrun a horse; it can also fight. There is an old fable that has been taught to the children of many generations, to the effect that the ostrich, when hard pressed, will bury its head in the sand and consider that it is invisible. The one who started this story was badly mixed; the ostrich hides its eggs in the sand; its head it has other use for, and carries it about with it. The ostrich is a large and omnivorous feeder, eating almost anything, including stones and nails. It lays a large egg, that is much feared by stump speakers and theatrical companies who travel in the ostrich country.

E. R. C.

THAT DREADFUL SUNDAY PAPER.

Clergyman's Wife (to husband, Sunday morning, absorbed in a morning paper)—Why, husband, dear, don't you know it is time to dress for church? I hear the first bell ringing.

Clergyman (starting up)—Yes, dear. I will go right away and prepare.

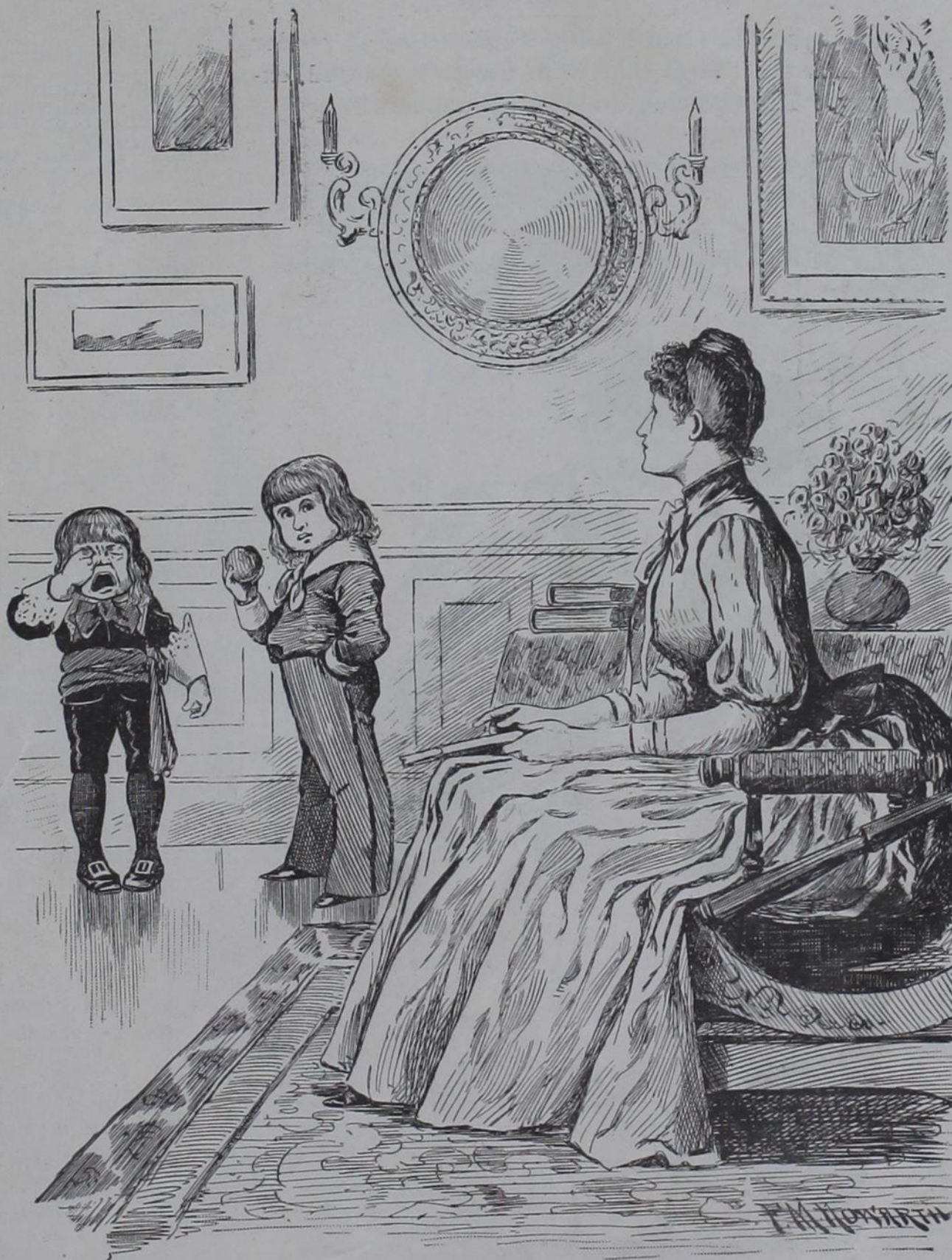
What is your text this morning?
The evils of the Sunday newspaper.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Soldier—If it came to war I couldn't shoot anybody to save my life.

Civilian—Have you got such a heart?

Soldier—Not much, but you see I only toot a bugle; couldn't shoot anybody with that.



SHREWD BOY.

MOTHER—Tommy, why don't you give your little brother half of your apple?

TOMMY—Can't do it, ma. Father tells me never to do things by halves.

THE BURGLAR.



HE burglar is a thief who is willing to risk his life to acquire wealth in an illegitimate manner. There are many men who acquire millions in a criminal way without being obliged to risk their lives. We refer to corrupt officials, capitalists who wreck railroad companies in their own interests, and various types of financial and legal sharks. Compared with these the burglar and the train robber are gentlemen.

The burglar, like his friend the philosopher, takes everything just as it comes, and occasionally he goes for it.

The life of the burglar is far from being a pleasant one. He has to encounter much that is disagreeable and discouraging. For instance, burglars who break into grocery stores complain that the pies are no longer young.

In New Jersey, not long since, a burglar made a mistake and entered the house of an editor. How discouraging a mistake of that kind must be to an industrious and ambitious burglar. By the way, there is a striking point of resemblance between the busy editor and the hard-working burglar. It is their dislike to long sentences.

Next to the sleepy watchman, the burglar's best friend is the burglar alarm. It is a wonderful invention. It can always be relied on to warn the burglar in season for him to get out of the way before anybody can shoot.

CHANGES IN THE FASHION OF WAR.

There is talk in Europe of abolishing the bayonet. It is of very little use in modern warfare, since battles are fought at long range, for the most part. A soldier rarely gets near enough to the enemy to use his bayonet with any effect, unless he be able to hurl it with accuracy, like the knife-thrower in a circus. The weapon looks formidable enough when fixed, but it rarely fixes anybody upon its point nowadays.

It is said that the drum, also, is destined to go. Shakspeare called it spirit-stirring, probably because its sticks have been used to stir toddy. The business of war is to hurt the enemy, but there are few instances on record where a drummer has ever hurt anybody, unless he carelessly left his drum in the way for somebody to stumble over. If he could beat the enemy with half the vigor with which he beats his drum he would

be of some use. True to the core (drum corps) and eager for the fray, he is yet more of an incumbrance than a benefit, as at present equipped.

Flags, too, will probably be abolished some day. As a matter of sentiment the flag has its uses. It is a good thing to rally 'round when recruits are needed, but a flagstaff is a poor weapon for a soldier to fight with. The standard-bearer is a favorite target for sharpshooters, and he cannot return the fire. When I see a bullet-riddled flag I think how many men have been riddled in their effort to hold it up. The army of the future will be divested of all superfluities, and the coming soldier will march to combat with a gun of great repeating power, and dressed to kill, in a business suit. Because he will mean business and nothing else.

CALUMNY.

Carlyle very pertinently remarks in one of his essays: "God gave you that gifted tongue of yours and set it between your teeth to make known your true meaning unto men, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell."

Cervantes also said in regard to promiscuous and reckless writing and talking: "Let every man take care how he writes and speaks of honest people and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost."

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue can not be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

While the careless babbler is deserving of pity and contempt, what shall we say about the scandal monger, and particularly about the male scandal monger? Woman's privilege to talk about the faults of her neighbor seems to be conceded, but the man who goes about retailing scandal may justly be regarded as no better than he should be.

ONE of the Old Guard being admonished to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, refused, exclaiming, "The Old Guard never, sir, renders!"



SHE IS THE BOSS.

BROWN (to Jones)—There go Mr. and Mrs. Smith. She is a little woman, but you bet she wears the pants.

JONES—She does, eh? I should think they'd be rather big for her.

A SAD CASE.

"What makes you look so solemn?" whispered a fashionable New York lady to another in church, just before the service began.

"I've got good reason to be mad," was the response.



NOT THE RIGHT ANSWER.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (also chashier in a bank)—Can you tell me, Johnny, what a miracle is?

JOHNNY—Yes, teacher. Pa says if you don't skip to Canada before long it will be a miracle, sure.

"What is it?"

"I dressed myself up in my new suit and went to church to show it off."

"Well, what of it?" asked the other party.

"Our clock was a whole hour fast, and I had to sit and sit in that empty church, without anybody to see my new clothes, and they are so becoming to my complexion. There was nobody to see them for a whole hour, and I might just as well have had no clothes on at all. It made me so mad that I could have cried."

AN UNHEALTHY FISH.

Tommy—Pa, I'm afraid the gold-fish is going to die.

Pa—What makes you think so, Tommy?

Tommy—I held him in my hand a while ago and he felt right cold.

THE SENSITIVE HUSBAND.

He (sobbing)—Goody-bye, Fanny?

She—Brace up! Be a man. You will be back in six weeks. I would not shed any tears if you stayed away six months.

FORGOT SOMETHING.

A.—Some lady in the congregation must have gone to church without any bustle, judging from what the preacher said.

B.—What did he say?

A.—He said something about forgetting those things that are behind. I thought maybe he was hitting at somebody.

POLITICAL ITEM.

Grocer—What would you like to have, my good man?

Chronic Candidate—If the President is willing I'd like to have a post-office, but just now I'll take half a pound of soda crackers.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Col. Yerger—Look here, Erastus, you have been at my whisky again.

Erastus—Foah God, boss, I hasn't been neah dat whisky. Dat stopper am in so tight yer can't get it out onless yer has a corkscrew, and ef yer beleeb's I has a corkscrew jess sarch me! No, boss, I din't know dar was any whisky in dat demijohn.

IDYLS OF SHANTYTOWN.

HOW MCCARTHY RODE AS MARSHAL IN THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.



“AY, mammy, bes we ahl marshals, now?” piped little Dennis McCarthy, as he stood with his mother at the door of the paternal mansion on Murphy's Hill, looking with mighty pride after the head of the house while he slowly strutted, as only an Irishman can strut, in the lead of half a dozen other men, down the crooked steps leading to the street.

Mr. McCarthy had been waited on by a “commitay” from his lodge in the T. A. B. society that morning, who informed him that he had been selected as a marshal of the great procession on St. Patrick's day.

“Faith, I'm not that shpry about kapin' on top of a horse that Oi was twinty years gone,” said that gentleman, deprecatingly. “Maybe yez'd betther pick a younger mon than Oi.”

“Sure, y' are too modest by half,” said Mr. Brian Dugan, the spokesman. “Y' are wan o' the foineest lukkin men i' th' lodge, an' we'll have a payrade to knock th' stoofins out o' th' Sandy Hollow b'yes. There moight be a bit o' a shindy, too, an' y' are handy wid yer shtick.”

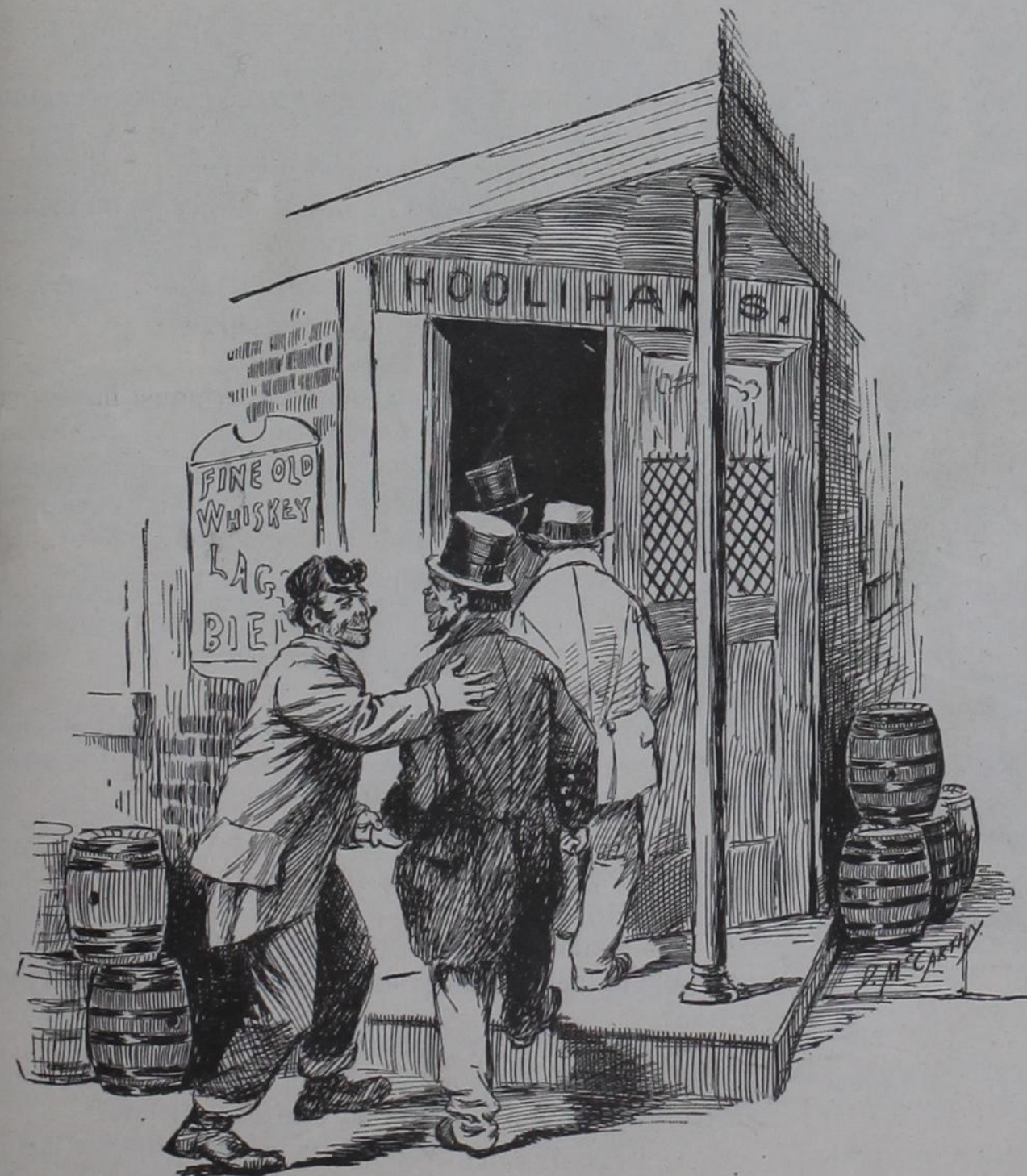
“Oi am,” said Mr. McCarthy, spitting in his hand with pride.

“Ye'll farnish yer own harse,” said Mr. Con Dougherty, the treasurer of the lodge, “an' ye'll put up tin dollars towards th' expenses.”

“Oi'll do that,” said Mr. McCarthy, promptly; “an' if yez'll accompany me to Hoolihan's, beyant, gintlemin, Oi'll be proud t' have yez ahl take a dhrop wid me.”

They all did, and as they went down the steps Mrs. McCarthy and Norah and Dennis, who had heard the whole conference from the kitchen window, stood watching them, when Dennis, who was wild with excitement, asked: “Say, mammy, bes we ahl marshals now?”

“No, son,” said Mrs. McCarthy. “Nobody is marshals, but me an' yer father. Norah, acushla, wud ye go down to Mrs. Coogan's, the marnin', an' tell her t' coom here the day? Oi was going to her to have me new green dress made up, but sure she can't ixpict me, undher the sarcumstances. Sure, she'll have t' coom t' me.”



After the Parade.

All was done fittingly, and the eventful morning drew nigh. On the eve of St. Patrick's day the McCarthy's were in solemn conclave, arranging the last important details. Patsey Doyle, who was to march in the same division which Marshal McCarthy would lead, had brought his regalia up for Norah to mend where it had been torn a little. His hat, and McCarthy's, had been carefully oiled and rubbed smooth, and the two men were smoking peacefully, while the women watched them with swelling hearts.

“Did ye spake fur yer harse, McCarthy?” asked his better-half, suddenly.

“Pfwhatis it ye mane?” he asked in wonder.

“Did ye hire the harse for the morry?”

“Is it hire a harse, ye said? Sure I'll ride me own. He's a good brute these twinty years.”

“Yis. It's good enough he is fur dhrawin' yer wagon, but it's divil a bit o' martial shtyle he has, at all, at all,” said the ambitious woman. “Ye should get a harse that'll prance wid ye.”

“Faith, Oi'm not so sure I want to prance,” said McCarthy, doubtfully. “It's no circus rider I am, I dono.”

“Oh! father,” said Norah, coaxingly, “hire the big white harse, down to Gilligan's stables. Sure ye'd luk lovely wid him dancin', an' you sittin' on him loike a soujer.”

“Begob Oi will,” said McCarthy, his soul fired by the thought.

Accordingly, next morning Gilligan's man rode the big white horse up to McCarthy's door, where the marshal stood in full regalia. A kitchen chair was brought out, McCarthy climbed slowly and carefully to the saddle, and Gilligan's man let go the reins.

“Whoa! there. Whoa! Giddap, ye baste. Gee! Whoa! Pfwhat the divil! WHOA!”

The white horse seemed to know what was expected of him, for he began prancing at once and trotting backwards, straight toward the hot-beds. The faster he went, the tighter McCarthy pulled the reins.

“Millia murther! he'll get in the celery!” cried Mrs. McCarthy. And so he did, on the minute, crashing through the glass covers, and trampling a dozen beds into ruin.

“Twist his tail!” yelled Gilligan's man, who was choking with laughter, and McCarthy, bewildered enough, but by no means frightened, half turned in the saddle to do it. As he rested his hand on the white horse's rump, the beast resenting it, kicked furiously, and McCarthy sailed upward in a graceful curve and landed on his head among the radishes. He rose. He was not angry, but he seemed displeased. “Ye'll take that dom'd harse back till the shtable, an' till Gilligan Oi'll pay his hire whin he pays for me vegetabiles. O'll ride me own Dobbin.”

“Oh! McCarthy,” said his wife. “Thry him again. Sure he's so purty, an' playful.”

McCarthy looked at her in disgust. “Gwan,” he said, sternly. “Pfwhat the divil do ye know about harsemanship? Oi'll ride Dobbin. He ain't so purty, but he's more comfortable.”

So he did. And the day passing off without misadventure, he came home at night, tired indeed, but still exulting in the proud part he had played in the pageant.

“Glory is great,” he observed to his wife, as they sat together talking it over, “but on'y fur the distinction, Oi'd much prefer walkin'. It's liss painful.”

DAVID A. CURTIS.

TAKES TWO TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

He—I am yours, dearest.

She—I'm sure I can't help that. But will you be mine?

Afraid not—that's something I can help!

SOCIETY NOTE.

Mrs. Upper crust—I say, Tom, did you know that a new journal called *The Élite* has just been started. It will circulate exclusively among society people.

Mr. Upper crust—What does *élite* mean, anyhow? Believe I saw that name over a saloon downtown.



THE DESCENT OF MAN.

But no decent man would get out of a hotel that way.

A MISTAKE IN THE ANIMAL.

A gentleman accompanied by a favorite dog visited the studio of a New York artist one day. There was a picture on the easel, and the dog began barking furiously at it.

“Nature may be relied upon, after all,” said the visitor. “The best evidence of the faithfulness with which you have painted that dog in the background is the earnestness with which my dog barks at it.”

“But that isn't a dog,” said the artist, growing red in the face.

“Not a dog? What is it, then?”

“It's a cow.”

The gentleman was nonplussed for a moment, but quickly replied, “Well, the dog's eyes are better than mine; he never did like cows.”

Jawkins—Old man Parrot has truly lived to a green old age.

Hogg (who hates him)—Well, his old age is sour enough to be green, anyway!



WAIST NOT.

Miss VAN COOT—They do say she is very extravagant.

MR. VAN C.—Still there seems to be very little waist about her.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

MEDICAL ITEM.

Doctor—You ought not to smoke if you expect to get well again.

Sam Johnsing—Dat's whar de medicinal science am plum off. How de debble does yer expect ter cure Ham widout smokin'?

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Smith—You seem to have a heavy cold.

Jones—That comes from going out with a light coat.

AN EXCEPTION.

A.—Good people are always happy.

B.—Maybe, but suppose they live in New York?

EQUESTRIAN ITEM.

Vanderchump—I don't see Dudely riding in the Park any more.

Vanderclam—No, he has quit it.

Sworn off?

No, he fell off and broke his neck.

DURING THE COLD SNAP.

C.—Wonder how people will meet the demand for ice next summer?

D.—I don't know what people will do next summer, but I notice that people do not find it difficult right now to meet the ice. They even go down on the pavement to do it.

A CAUTIOUS EMPEROR.

Brown—The German Emperor always takes his own provisions along with him when he travels.

Locke—Then the American lunch-counter pie is not unknown in Europe.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

First New Yorker—What you need is more exercise. You want to walk around a great deal, go to places of amusement. And your diet must be very nourishing, with plenty of wine.

Second New Yorker—Well, I guess I had better get myself locked up in Ludlow street jail.

A DIABOLICAL INSINUATION.

Johnny—Pa, does the devil ever go to Albany when the Assembly is in session?

Pa—Why do you ask such a silly question?

Because if he does he must have an awful cold in his head.

How so?

I read the other day that the devil takes off his hat whenever he meets a hypocrite.

IT WAS A WHALE.

Teacher—Well, dear children, what was it that swallowed Jonah? Was it a sh-sh-shark?

Children—Yes.

No, dear children, it was not a shark. Was it an al-al-alligator?

Yes.

No, dear children, it was not an alligator. Then was it a wh-wh-whale?

"No," roared the dear children, determined to be right this time.

Yes, dear children, it was a whale.

VERY SIMPLE.

Clerk—You know everything; now, tell me what is meant by keeping books by double entry?

Bookkeeper—That's very simple. All the items are entered twice, and at the end of the year the

amount is divided by two. That's simple enough, isn't it?

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

Teacher—I don't know what to do about your son.

Parent—What's the matter with him?



POOR CREATURES.

FIRST CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE—How these miserable scribblers on the New York press go for Chicago.

SECOND CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE—Humph! when they go for Chicago they are pork reachers themselves.



STAGE NOTE.

The elevation of the American stage. (Not by Mrs. J. B. Potter, but by a New York Subway.)

He is lazy and trifling. He does not care to do anything all day except to pound the other boys.

If he is that kind of a boy I guess I had better make a school teacher out of him.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Tourist—These are beautiful mountains; but how much more picturesque they would look if there was an ancient ruin on the summit.

Hotel-keeper—Yes; I believe an ancient ruin would draw more tourists. Next year I am going to have one built.

TALKATIVE TOMMY.

Visitor—Well, Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?

Tommy—Ma says I am going to be just such another lazy loafer as pa is.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Judge—How did you come to rob this man in broad daylight on a frequented thoroughfare?

Highwayman—I couldn't help it, Judge; I had an engagement for every night of that week.

CONVERSATIONAL NOTE.

Just listen to the insolence of that policeman.

Yes, his language is fearful.

Great Scott! if a New York policeman talks that way, what sort of language do you suppose a New York policeman's wife uses when she gets mad?

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

Young wife—Say, Hubby, shall I wear a black silk dress with a brown hat, or a black hat with a brown silk dress this winter?

Hubby—Say, dearest, shall I wear a black silk hat with brown pants, or brown hat with black pants when I go into bankruptcy this winter?

ABOUT BISMARCK.

G.—The German socialists are in luck.

H.—How so?

G.—Bismarck has got the rheumatism, so he will not be able to kick them out of the Reichstag as fluently as usual.

PROCRASTINATION.

Father—You are six years old to-day, Tommy, and from now on you must try and be a better boy.

Tommy—Say, pa, what's the matter with putting it off until I am seven or eight?

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

President Harrison has been rewarding very liberally with fat offices all those who in any way contributed to his success at the polls, no matter how crooked the methods employed really were. Perhaps this is not bribery. Of course, no actual money passes, but viewed from a civil service point of view, it is no better than bribery. The following little story, which Brother Wanamaker will appreciate, is to the point:

Sunday-school Teacher—"Now, Bertie, let's hear from you. You have heard what the rest of the class have had to say about temptation. Now, what would you say if a big man should invite you to drink something with him?"

Bertie—"I should say that I didn't drink; that I had been taught that it was wrong."

Sunday-school Teacher—"That's right, Bertie."

Bertie—"But you can bet your sweet life I'd take the best cigar there was in the place."

Possibly, after all, Harrison may not be so much to blame for having yielded to the temptation to reward his friends and bounce the Democrats in violation of the civil service rules. May not "Brer" Harrison have fallen a victim to the wiles of Satan, as was the case with a little girl who had been told that she must not go to the currant bushes—that they would make her sick?

She replied that she didn't mean to, but that Satan tempted her.

"Why didn't you pray, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" asked her mother.

"I did," was the reply, "and he got right behind me and pushed me right into the bushes."

No doubt Satan has been pushing "Brer" Harrison into the bushes.

A Kansas City German got angry with a banker of that place for demanding a heavy discount, and when the banker asserted that it was business, replied: "Pishness! Pishness! You sit in here all day and rob a man barefaced before his back and calls dat pishness?"

Jawkins—"They never speak as they pass by."

Hogg—"Why?"

Jawkins—"Because they never pass by; they always stop to chat together."



OUT ON THE FRONTIER.

EASTERN DUDE (to waiter)—Who is that bad looking man?

WAITER—He am called de dude-killer; but don't be afeered. He nebber kills but one dude a day, an' he has done killed one dude dis mawning. Want ter look at de co'pse befoah yer gibbs yer order fer breaktas'?

[Exit dude.]

WHY NEW YORK LOST.



ANY New Yorkers have not yet begun to realize what she has lost by failing to make a more earnest effort to obtain the World's Fair. It was only during the last few weeks that any mentionable degree of energy was developed. Then, of course, it was too late. The enthusiasm of some prominent New Yorkers, after the cause of New York was virtually hopeless is, to a certain degree, almost as ludicrous as that of

the man, who, having never taken any interest in religious matters, rushed out of his house and violently assaulted the first Hebrew he met, on reading the story of the crucifixion. This zeal would have been highly commendable if the time and place had been more appropriate.

But the great drawback to New York's success in securing the site of the World's Fair was an influential personage known as General Apathy. When the New Yorkers of moderate means perceived that the very rich men of Gotham were subscribing, comparatively small sums to the guarantee fund, they, the men of moderate means, failed to become excited, and then General Apathy came to the front and won the battle.

The truth is, that the average New York millionaire is a philanthropist, who, knowing that money is the root of all evil, sacrifices himself for the good of his neighbor, which in this instance is the Windy City.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Mother—What would you say if you were to get a little new brother?

Little Fanny—I know I ain't going to get any.

How do you know that, Fanny?

Because I heard pa say there are no children any more.

A BENEFACTOR OF THE HUMAN RACE.

A young Englishman is about to confer a boon on humanity. He is not going to furnish a remedy for continued bad weather, or defaulting bank officials, high hats in the theatre, but he purposes to furnish a key to Browning's works. If "mystery and innocence be not akin," Browning's works must be pretty bad for the very mysterious.

After the young Englishman has cleared up the obscurity that surrounds Browning's poems, he may be able to explain why it is that a man takes off his boots first when undressing, while a woman begins with her hair-pins.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The efforts of the friends of both cities to corrupt Congressmen is much to be deplored. It was a disgraceful spectacle, and



NOT UP ON THE STYLE.

MR. CORNCOB—"Scuse me, mister, but ain't yer got on yer little brother's coat? It wants a flounce onto it, I reckon."

the guilty parties cannot be too severely condemned. However, it would not have been so bad if New York had captured the site. There are several things of late which New York wants but cannot get; however, it is with disappointment as it is with wills: the last annuls all the others. The efforts of New York are not unlike those of the man who planted cabbage seed by mistake for flower seed.

POLITICAL NOTE.

First New Yorker—New York owes Platt a grudge.

Second New Yorker—Well, New York can be relied on to pay that debt. She will never ask for an extension of time or a reduction of interest, but will promptly whack up at the next election.

A SIGN OF SPRING.

Hostetter McGinnis—We are going to have an early spring.

Jim McSnifter—It doesn't feel like it just now.

Hostetter McGinnis—That doesn't make any difference. There is a lithograph advertising bock beer in a saloon window on the Bowery.

METEOROLOGICAL ITEM.

Mr. Vanderchump—The wind is very disagreeable. I wonder when it will stop being so windy and blustering?

Mr. Vanderclam—Not until Chicago quits blowing about having gotten the World's Fair. That's the cause of the present windiness.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Gilhooly—It's a wonder to me that more of the Assemblymen at Albany are not sick.

Gus De Smith—Why so?

Gilhooly—Because a scientific journal says that many diseases are spread by the circulation of bank notes. I don't suppose the lobbyists have the bank notes fumigated or disinfected before giving them to the members.

JOURNALISTIC ITEM.

Visitor—How much does a million dollars in greenbacks weigh?

Emaciated Journalist—I have no idea. I have never given that many greenbacks a weigh. Ask Brother Shepard, of the Mail and Express.

SOUND LOGIC.

A prominent business man, noted as a church-goer, discovers that one of his collectors has fraudulently retained some of the money he has collected.

"What do you mean by bringing disgrace on yourself?" asked the merchant of the unworthy employé.

"It is the result of my following the injunctions of the Bible," was the reply.

"What injunction?"

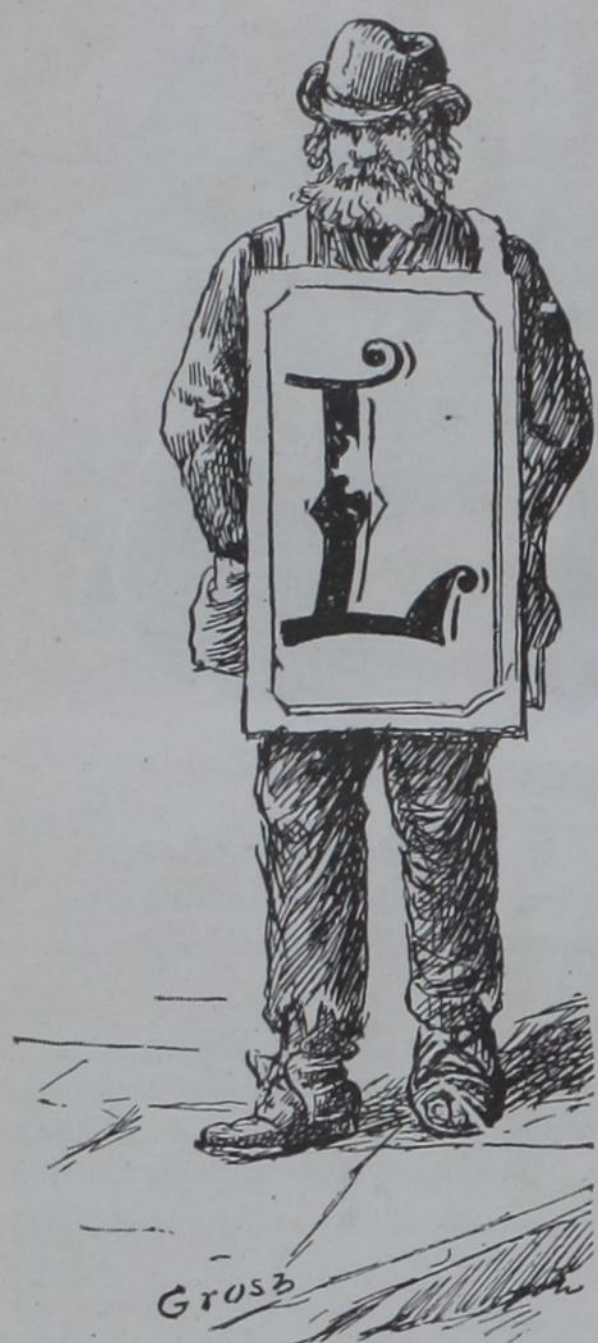
"The one which reads: 'Hold fast that which is good.' Money is a good thing to hold on to, isn't it?"

Mr. Blunt—My dear Count, you remind me of a watermelon.

Count—In vat way?

Mr. Blunt—Although you are very seedy, you are admitted into our best families without question.

JIM THE TRAMP.



and at his hands poor Jim had a dog's life, until, goaded to madness by every species of ill-treatment, he struck his master and fled. For a while he tried hard to get work in the villages through which he passed; but no one would take on the strange, friendless lad, and so he made up his mind to enlist for a soldier.

If only he had reached York an hour or two earlier, her Majesty's army had gained a useful recruit, and poor Jim would have had a chance to rise and become a credit to the service. But ill luck would not let him go. He was routed out of an old stable by a zealous member of the city police, and charged the next day with sleeping out at night, or some equally heinous crime, the result being that he was committed to prison for seven days. This broke down his last shred of self-respect; and when that happens to man or boy, heaven help him, for his doom is sealed.

Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of soldiering or getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the bad. He soon got into vicious company, and before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The down-hill road is an easy one, and the pace always rapid, and so at thirty years of age he was pretty widely known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief, who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes, there was no doubting it, he was an out-and-out bad lot! And he looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane with hands deep in his empty pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which the November wind drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather, and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deepening gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until a cheery voice cried: "Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass."

Jim never looked round, but slunk closer to the dripping hedgerow, expecting the horseman to ride on without another word, but something quite unexpected happened, for the cheery voice said "Thanks!"

It was the first time anyone had ever thanked the good-for-nothing, and he stared up in blank amazement, and saw a man of about his own age, in red coat and top-boots plentifully bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant, fresh-colored face.

"You look rather done up; been long on the road?"

"A week an' more!" The reply was surly enough—not that Jim resented the question, but simply because

IKELY YOU'VE heard of him. He was a bad lot! Magistrates, jail chaplains, and police had all at various times told him so, and he quietly accepted their judgment, knowing it to be pretty near the truth. An outcast from his very babyhood, what chance had he ever had? Left by an unfeeling mother to die in a roadside ditch, he had been taken to the nearest Union, to be brought up a work-house foundling, until he was old enough to be bound 'prentice and the guardians could wash their hands of him entirely. A drunken saddler covenanted to clothe, board and teach him his trade;

he was so used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a "blooming swell" speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

"Going home?"

"Jim gave a contemptuous grunt. "Never ha yan, guv'nor!"

"Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes,"—with a grim chuckle—"I live somewhere—anywhere. I se not like some folks, must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. Ye've a big house, in course, and lots of slaveys to wait on ye. I lives just where I can, and has to fend for mysen, and don't often get my meals reg'lar."

And the cruel contrast between himself and his companion filled the tramp's heart with bitter thoughts. Why have some folks all the good things of life and others none of them? Here was a man no older than himself with fine clothes on his back and a horse to carry him; while he, poor fellow, had to trudge along ankle deep in the mud with scarcely a whole thread to cover him. Why the very horse was a long way better off and more cared for; it at least had a warm, dry stable and plenty of food waiting for it, while he had never a resting-place nor a crust of bread to eat.

Again the cheery, kind tones startled him: "But you have friends somewhere, I suppose?"

"No; not me! There's never a single soul, guv'nor, in this wide world as cares a rap for me; and when I lies down some day and dies in a ditch, there'll noan be, man, woman, or child, as'll miss me. None'll be sorry, 'ceptin' the parish bums as'll have to put me underground, and they'll grudge doing of that even." Jim gave a short, ugly laugh and slouched on, the water squish, squish, squishing out of the gaping rents of his old boots at every step. He quite expected the "swell" to ride off now and leave him to the rapidly deepening gloom and the wild, cheerless night; but the horse was kept steadily alongside of him, and his rider spoke again:

"Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?"

"No; there's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectable enough."

"Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here; I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it."

Jim could not believe his ears. Some one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real "tip-top gentleman," too. He must be muddled. But the brown eyes were looking coolly enough at him, and their owner was saying, "Well, what do you say?"

"Yer don't know what I be; I'm a bad lot! I've been in quod oft enough," blurted out Jim, feeling somehow he could not take his new-found patron in.

"I dare say you have, and deserved it, too. But I believe you can pull round yet if you like, and, as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?"

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and a dim longing after a new life, for a moment; but old habits were too strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said in tones which tried to be civil: "No, guv'nor; yer mean well, but it's no go now, I'm no good for anythink but cadging and tramping, an' I doan want to work for any master—an' won't neyther."

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing; but the other said quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting-crop: "That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are a fool not to try and pull up a bit; but you know your own affairs best. Well, here is a supper and a bed for you, anyway. Look out." He tossed a half-crown to Jim with careless, easy good-nature, and, shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and "good luck."

How costless a word or two of sympathy are, and yet how priceless they may become! How easy to be gracious, and yet how far-reaching the results! We scatter kindly greetings here and there as we journey on life's roadway, and lo! they spring up bright flowers to gladden some weary wayfarer. We perform thoughtlessly now and again trivial services of courtesy and forget them; but they shine in lone loveless hearts as glittering stars to cheer the midnight sky.

Hugh Boynton, smoking his high-priced Havana after dinner that evening in the luxurious ease of his favorite lounging-chair, had utterly forgotten all about the few words and the silver coin which he had thrown to the tramp he had overtaken as he rode home from hounds. Jim, curled up under the lee of a clover rick,

turned the half-crown over and over in his hand, and thought of how for once in his life he had been spoken kindly to by a real gentleman.

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police-court, prison-cell, and vagrant-ward experiences. He had wandered up and down some dozen counties and seen the inside of most of their jails, and now, as Christmas drew near, had drifted towards York; not that he had any particular reason for getting there, but because it lay in his way north, and he happened to be making in that direction; why, not even he himself knew, for north, south, east and west were alike to him. He had had a run of bad luck lately. Once or twice he had found a casual's welcome and slept under cover; but he had a rooted objection to its concomitants, and chose rather the cold and exposure of the open air. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and had almost forgotten the feel of a copper coin; for somehow the near approach of the festival of peace and good-will seemed to have shut up men's pockets, and sharp refusals and scornful silence were all he got from those of whom he asked help.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long, straggling village of Marston, footsore and done up. The lights at the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in a white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bakehouse. The sight was too much for the famished fellow, and he pushed his way into the shop.

"Now, then, what is it?" cried the shopman sharply, as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

"Will ye give me yan ov them little uns, guv'nor? I'm nigh clemmed;" and he nodded towards the bread pile.

"No; certainly not; I never give to beggars or tramps."

"I've not tasted bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows."

"Can't help that! Come, get out of the shop, do you hear?—or I'll set the constable on you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!"

So the social outcast went forth into the night hungry and insulted, and the sleek tradesman rubbed his hands and stacked his loaves, congratulating himself the while on his refusal to countenance a worthless vagabond, who, regarded from the lofty standpoint of political economy, had no right to live on the earth. And yet Mr. Jonathan Binner was wont to pose on political platforms as the heaven-sent champion of the masses. Then, indeed, his sympathy flowed out in such a mighty torrent towards the universal brotherhood of man that there was not so much as a drop left to give a crust or even a civil word to a starving tramp at his door.

Three times did Jim try his luck down the length of the village street, with no better success; and then he gave it up and bitterly left the houses of his fellow-creatures behind him and faced the bleak open country again. He dragged himself along for a few weary miles, then opening a gate crawled into a half-ruined cowshed and flung himself down upon some bracken and straw litter in the furthest corner and dozed off. When he woke up the moon had risen and was shining through the chinks of the roof, and Jim could see the country-side was white with snow. He shivered and buried himself completely in the bracken and tried to sleep again and forget the cold and his hunger. He had almost succeeded when the sound of voices came to him on the still night air, and a minute later three men entered the shed.

"Curse the cold!" growled one as he drew back just within the shadow.

"Curse him, you mean," said another, as he leaned a thick oak cudgel against the wall and began to blow upon his numbed fingers.

"I'll do more than curse him when th' time comes," answered the first speaker.

"Ay, he'd best not have taken us i' hand. Says he, when with the rest of t' beaks he sentenced Tim and Jeff: 'The poaching rascals shall be stopped, if I have to do it single-handed.'"

"Well, he'll be single-handed to-night anyways, for he's no groom wi' him. So he can try what he's good for wi' three ov us; eh Jack?"

"He'll find it a tough job, I'm thinking."

"Is t' wire right, Bob?"

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR THE BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

For Malaria

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. E. G. DAVIES, De Smet, Dak., says: "I have used it in slow convalescence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was bad; I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaints; also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

"Surely! His mare steps high; but I've lowed for it, and she'll catch beautifully. It's past twelve now; he oughtn't to be long."

"Hist! mate; there's wheels. Now for't. Come on."

The three men went out quickly, and Jim, following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the gate, out of mere curiosity to watch what their game was. In a few minutes the ring of hoofs grew louder and a high-wheeled dog-cart spinning round a corner came rapidly down the lane. It was occupied by one figure only, the red glow of whose cigar gleamed in the frosty air; and just as the scent of it reached Jim he saw the horse suddenly plunge and stagger forward. The wire snare had done its work, the animal fell heavily, and the driver, thrown off his balance by the shock, shot out on to the snow. Before he could rise the men were upon him; but somehow he managed to shake them clear and struggle to his feet. He faced them boldly and met their rush with a right and left-hander which sent one to the ground, but the other two closed in upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair, he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well-got-in blow. But the odds were too heavy, and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down. "Give it him, lads, if we swing for't," cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man; it was that of the gentleman who, five years ago, had talked with Jim in the lane! In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger-cat, and so sudden was his onset that they gave ground: then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows; then feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms round the senseless Squire, and with one last effort managed to roll into the ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make him loose his hold of their victim; but stunned and blinded with blood, he clung fiercely to Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin round—another and another heavy blow—a chiming of far-off bells—a hollow buzzing—and then—black night for ever!

Next morning they were found together in the trampled, blood-smeared ditch—one living, the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white cross which he put up over a nameless grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim the Tramp, the "out-and-out bad lot," gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.—Chambers' Journal.

The Hired Man Has His Day.

Mrs. Kirkus—"How awfully rigid and dogmatic Dr. Canonicus has become since he was made a Bishop."

Mr. Kirkus—"Yes; he's in no danger now of receiving a request for his resignation from his congregation!"—Puck.

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.



THE maids of old were not necessarily old maids.—San Diego Times.

AN inspector of customs—a fashion writer.—Burlington Free Press.

THE lion's share of a thing is naturally the main part.—Baltimore American.

THE ring and letter which the girl returns are slight tokens.—Merchant Traveler.

TIME flies, yet the orchestral leader sits still and beats time.—Richmond Dispatch.

PROBABLY the biggest thing on ice next summer will be the price.—Philadelphia Press.

STRANGE that we object to the corn on the toe and not to that on the ear!—Hotel Gazette.

THE iceman weighs the block and blocks the way simultaneously.—Washington Post.

EVERYBODY in the world is engaged in throwing the blame on some one else.—Atchison Globe.

WE can learn nothing about the tomahawk from books on ornithology.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

EVE was the first girl to get a fall "sack" if we remember rightly.—Yonkers Statesman.

AS FENCING is such a manly art it is odd that there is so much feinting in it.—Baltimore American.

WOMAN may be a conundrum, a puzzle, but the world will never give her up.—Philadelphia Times.

A KISS on the forehead denotes reverence, but it doesn't tickle for shucks.—Binghamton Leader.

IT is said that of late Speaker Reed has taken to smiling in a very Czardonic manner.—Boston Post.

SPRUCE gum costs over a dollar a pound, wholesale, to those who chew to buy it.—Lowell Citizen.

THE man who is in the habit of burning the candle at both ends should taper off.—Yenowine's News.

IF the red sleigher thinks he sleighs this season he must have a vivid imagination.—Boston Gazette.

THOSE fellows who dote on their girls sometimes find matrimony a powerful antidote.—Binghamton Leader.

IT is not strange that stove manufacturers should be fired by ardor from the grate cause.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

IT seems odd that a will providing for a home for invalids should itself be declared invalid.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"O, Lord! how you made me jump!" as the grasshopper remarked when he was first created.—Harvard Lampoon.

PEOPLE are always agitated at the appearance of a cyclone, and yet it is a sort of trouble that soon blows over.—Baltimore American.

THE Indiana couple who were married by telephone must not be surprised if they find their anticipated heaven a hell-o.—Boston Globe.

THE professional politician who announces that he has "left the political arena" generally leaves because he got left.—Minneapolis Journal.

BLOOD may be thicker than water, but did any one ever know a girl who would not steal her brother's cigars to give to some one else?—Atchison Globe.

THE ground-hog vacated his hole on Sunday, but the hog who walks all over your corns in the street car hasn't occupied it yet.—Philadelphia Times.

SHE sang "Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest" very sweetly and effectively, but he said he was a newspaper man and never took anything back.—Philadelphia Times.

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

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Always Ready

Always Safe

Always Effective

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Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Aphorisms.

Popularity is like the brightness of a falling star, the fleeting splendor of a rainbow, the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation.—Chatfield.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, is a vice so mean and low, that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.—Washington.

Discretion and good nature have always been looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman whose price is above rubies has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man more endearing than that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.—Freeholder.

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.—Swift.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses all we should be capable of doing before the world.—Rochefoucauld.

Inviolable fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make decay of it invisible.—Steele.

By struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.—Goldsmith.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal without it.—Goethe.

The consummation of madness is to do what, at the time of doing it, we intend to be afterwards sorry for, the deliberate and intentional making of work for repentance.—Nevins.

No Test Required.

Patient (very loud)—"I am so completely deaf that I can hardly hear a pistol shot!"

Physician—"Then I suppose there's no use talking. (Writes on a slate.) 'I will have to test your power of hearing. Meet me downtown at the Stock Exchange a few minutes before three. I want to see whether you can hear the noise before the closing of the Exchange!'"

Patient (after having read this invitation)—"No need of that, Doctor; that's where I got deaf!"—Puck.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscok, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

Talmage's Smile.

But its effect on the audience is like the opening of spring, or peaches and cream to a hungry tramp. It first passes over one like the mist of a gentle rain, gradually curls the corners of the mouth with the suddenness of an April shower, and finally bursts over the countenance like a rainbow of promise and merges into laughter that peals forth like the rumble of thunder from the gentlemen, and sits enshrined in the exquisite dimples on beauty's cheek like the glistening dewdrop on a shell-pink rose.

It is the ninth wonder, and stands upon the face of Dr. Talmage like Edmund Dantes on his tiny island in mid ocean, exclaiming, "The world is mine."

It is a grin-winner with a blue ribbon tied to its tail, and drives away slumber like a Minnetonka mosquito.

It is a grin that would make a monkey laugh, and waft a breeze through a baboon's whiskers.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Luxurious Travel on the "Erie."

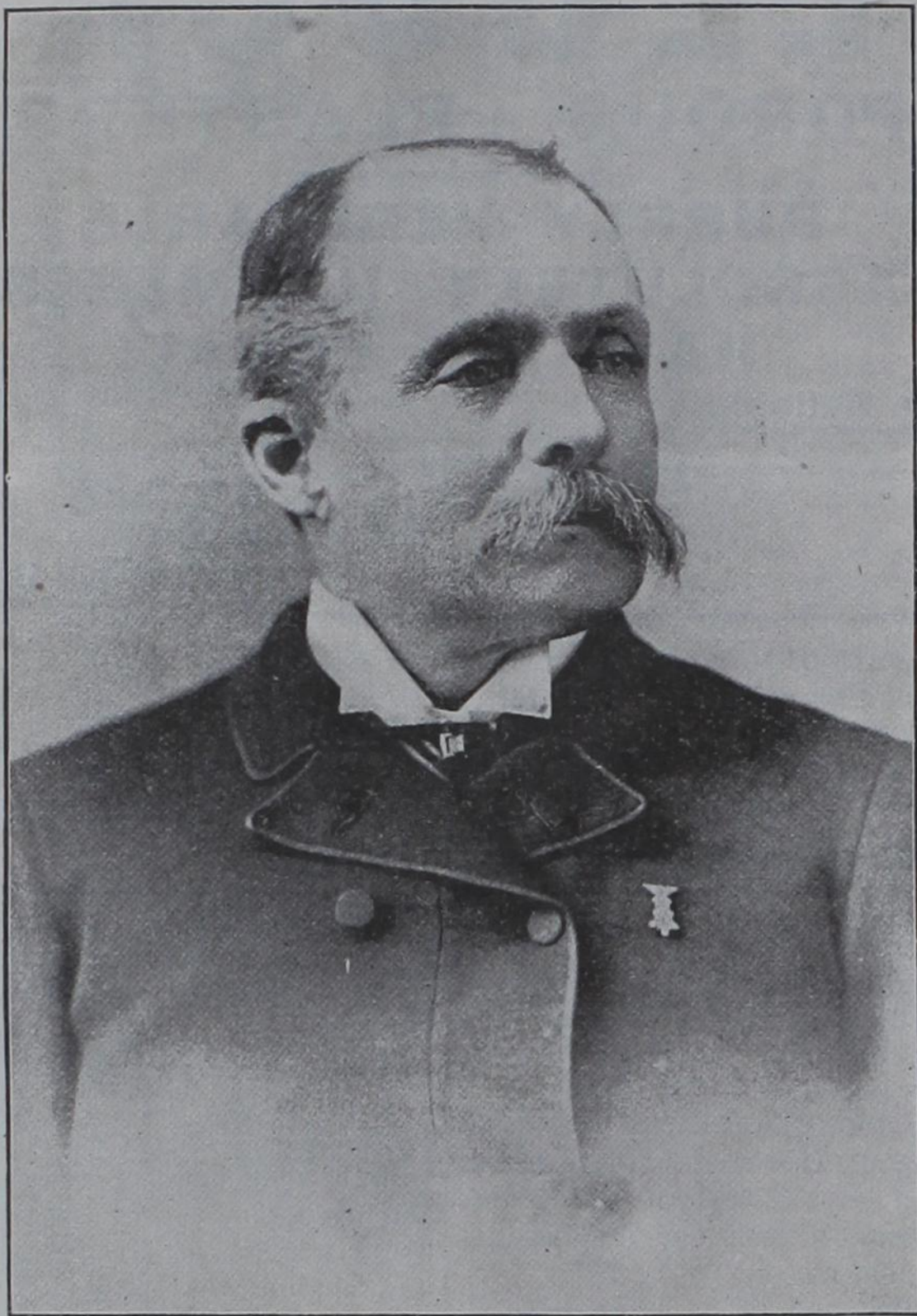
EDITOR OF TEXAS SIFTINGS:—I recently had occasion to travel from Cincinnati to New York, and made the journey on the Limited Express of the Erie Railway, which leaves Cincinnati at 1:40 p. m., and arrives in New York at 5:45 p. m. the next day. It was my first experience on a limited train, and my knowledge of what it was I must admit was exceedingly vague. I thought perhaps the view it afforded of the country was limited; or it was limited in time, or number of passengers; or maybe (though not probable) limited to people with a limited amount of money. But I found it to be a royal train fit for an emperor to go to his coronation in. In the first place it is vestibuled—inclosed together so that you pass from one car to another without any exposure to the weather. Then all the cars are sleepers of the latest improved pattern; and there is an elegant dining-car where you can dine luxuriously for less than it would cost you at an ordinary restaurant, taking all the time that you desire. The same train leaves New York for the West every day in the week at 3:00 p. m. from Chambers St. Ferry. Do not fail to take the Erie Railway limited, if you wish to travel with speed, safety and comfort. G.

What he Was Afraid of.

"Were you afraid I would say no?" asked she who had just said yes.

"No," said he who had been made happy; "I was afraid I'd make a fool of myself, that you'd say no, and then tell Sue Jones all about it, thus spoiling all my chances with her."—Yankee Blade.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



LIEUT. COL. BENJAMIN F. COOK.

Col. Cook was born in Boston, Mass., January 1, 1833. His parents removed to Gloucester, Mass., when he was five years old, where he still resides. At the breaking out of the rebellion he enlisted in Company K, 12th (Webster) Regiment, and rose successively from private to the command of his regiment, being with his regiment in all the severe battles in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged previous to the campaigns under Gen. Grant, and he was in twenty-one battles under that famous leader. Twice during his term of service he was the only commissioned officer uninjured in the regiment.

A prominent G. A. R. man, his social qualities and genial disposition makes him very popular with his comrades, and the profound respect which the members of his old regiment hold for him is very noticeable. After his return from the war he was appointed to a position in the Gloucester Custom House, which he held until the election of President Cleveland. He represented his city in 1868-9 as a representative to the General Court and in 1887-88-89 as Senator in the State Senate.

Bostonian Philosophy.

The New Orleans Picayune declares that the Bostonian is a philosopher from the cradle.

A night or two ago a Beacon street matron had occasion to reprove her little boy, aged six and a half years, for some unusually mischievous nonsense.

"I am afraid," she said, "that you will not go to heaven."

"I'm sorry," said the criminal, "but I've been to the circus and a party this week, don't you know, and of course one can't take in everything."

For a long time past this youthful thinker has been putting pennies into a toy savings bank for the benefit of the little negro children of the Congo basin. And the other day his mother caught him in the act of painting his baby sister black all over with ladies' shoe polish. He was just putting on the final touches when the mater familias entered.

Said he: "Mamma, we have given so much money to the black people that I thought we might as well keep it in the family. So I have fixed up the kid to suit. Put a nickel in the slot and hear it squall."

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

Spoils Their Dinner.

Amateur after-dinner speech-makers, waiting for their turn to come, are wretched creatures. The most toothsome dishes have no charm for them. All food tastes alike to their parched palates, and is equally distasteful. Their tongues are cottony and the nerves of their stomachs partially paralyzed. They run over the heads of their "few remarks" in their minds while a neighbor is trying to converse with them, and are liable to answer his pleasant sallies with a vacant stare or smile. They wonder why they were such fools as to ever consent to play the peacock by attempting to sing in public, and resolve never to do it again. Ex-President Cleveland's remark to the physicians: "You evidently know as well as I do that of all congested, distended and flatulent conditions, the worst and most painful arises from a combination of a stomach full of good things to eat and drink, held in uncomfortable solution by an undigested speech," is something that many an after-dinner speaker has realized. — Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by the ladies who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.

They Said the Play Was Rot.

Frederick Warde was to play Richard III. in Nashville, Tenn., that night. Charles H. Keeshin, his advance manager, and Mr. Milsom, the manager of the theatre, sat in the box office chatting.

"Mr. Warde never plays 'Richard,'" said Mr. Keeshin, "that I do not think of a criticism of the play which I once overheard in a Baltimore café after the performance. Two young fellows sat at the next table. Said one of them:

"The play is rot. It is perfectly absurd to make a man spend so much time and murder so many people for the purpose of getting a kingdom, and then have him offer to trade it off for a horse."

Just then a party of loggers, who had come down the river from the Tennessee timber country, bought tickets and went in. The curtain went up and in a few minutes the loggers came back and demanded the return of their money.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Milsom.

"Well," said one of the party, "we didn't know that man Warde was a cripple or we wouldn't have gone in at all. We don't want to see no durned cripple play king."

"Yes," said another, "an' the infernal fool begun by talking about being discontented with this winter, when it's the best winter we've had since the war." — Washington Post.

Objects to Whole Ones.

An old negro came tumbling out of a cabin, and just as he fell into the road, a short distance away, a brick thrown from the house struck him on the head. He lay there for several moments and then getting up turned to a white man who happened to be passing and, as he wiped the blood off his head, remarked:

"Dat's jes' zackly whut make me say whut I does say."

"And what do you say?" the white man asked.

"W'y, dat dis marryin' dat de white folks talk so much erbout is er failure sho 'nuff. Now, dar's dat lady in de house (again wiping off the blood) dat I has thought a good 'eal o'. But now look at me. Is I fitten ter go in s'ciety with sich er lady fer er wife? Long ez she didn't fling nothin' but brickbats, w'y she'd sorter do an' I could go in s'ciety wid her, but now dat she is tuck ter flingin' whole bricks w'y I kain't put up wid it. Look out fur dese ladies dat flings whole bricks." — Arkansas Traveler.

Willing to Shield Him.

Seedy Stranger (insinuatingly to bar-keeper)—"Do you know who I am?"

Barkeeper (shortly)—"No; I don't."

Seedy Stranger (proudly)—"I'm the man who first used the expression 'In the soup.'"

Barkeeper—"S'hh! Take the back door and run for it! I'll try to throw the people off the scent and give you ten minutes' start." — Lippincott's Magazine.

Never-Deviating Jones.

Boarding-house mistress (at Sunday dinner)—"Mr. Jones, why do you not eat some chicken?"

Mr. Jones (who has labored fifteen minutes trying to carve a leg)—"Thanks, I never work on Sunday." — Munsey's Weekly.



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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

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Why suffer from Malaria when you can protect yourself from it by wearing a Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet? "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet is a preventive—a protection against Malaria.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Shenandoah continues to draw as well as it did five months ago.

The music by the new orchestra at the Standard Theatre, where The Stepping Stone is holding forth, is quite an attraction, but the play—well, it isn't the kind of a play we would be apt to go to a second time.

Mr. Barnes of New York, is being played this week at Knowles & Morris' beautiful Amphion Theatre, in Williamsburgh. The company is a strong one, and the play goes with all its old-time vim. The duel scene is very good.

Frank Daniels at the New Park Theatre, in Little Puck, continues to draw large houses. Daniels has a droll way that is very taking, and his audiences are kept in constant good humor. His stay at the New Park will no doubt be a very profitable one.

The City Directory fills the Bijou at every performance, and no doubt will run quite a while. All farce comedies at the Bijou so far have been excellent, but the City Directory, with its many amusing incidents and absurdities, is the best ever seen there.

Although the Gondoliers has been out for quite a while, it is only now that it is being produced by a competent company in New York. The large and enthusiastic audiences that greet this charming work each evening at Palmer's Theatre is sufficient proof of its success at this house.

At the People's Theatre last week the Stowaway, a melodrama of English flavor, drew immense houses. Acting Manager A. H. Sheldon always has a good attraction for the numerous patrons of the People's. This week the Lyceum Theatre Company in the beautiful play, The Wife, is delighting large audiences.

The old favorite to theatre goes both from the country and those resident in the city, The Old Homestead, is still flourishing at the spacious Academy in New York City. At this season it is well-nigh impossible to say anything fresh about this charming and wonderfully realistic drama of New England life, and our readers need only to be reminded of the fact that it will remain at the Academy until the 10th of May. Its admirers will then watch with interest its career in London during the summer months, and give it a hearty welcome when it returns to the old stand in the fall. It entered upon its 107th week last Monday night.

Commencing on April 7, the stage of Niblo's will be occupied by the Knights of Tyburn, a play originally produced in Paris at the Port St. Martin Theatre, where it had a run of 1200 consecutive nights. The adaptation for the presentation in this country has been made by Miss Clara Louise Thompson, who, by the way, is related to Mr. Denman Thompson, the Uncle Joshua of the Old Homestead. Miss Thompson has already done some very clever work and her latest effort is said to be her greatest achievement. The play when in Paris was famed for the magnificence and completeness of its scenery and effects, and judg-

ing from its long run in the "gay capital" all Paris must have turned out to see it. As its production at Niblo's will be an exact duplication of the one in Paris, the event will be an important one in things theatrical in this country.

His Confounded Ill Luck.

Mr. Illuck—"Say, Mariah, now that your uncle has left you a little money, you just go and buy all the property you can get hold of in Frogtown. The people there are selling out for almost nothing and moving back to the city."

Mrs. Illuck—"What are they selling out for?"

"Cause they're nearly eaten up every summer with flies. The flies there is perfectly awful—no standin' 'em at all; they just populate the town."

"Huh! Then why do you want me to buy there, I'd like to know?"

"I'll you, Mariah. You know that I'm the unluckiest feller that ever lived, don't you?"

"I should say so. If you'd dig for water you wouldn't find anything but dry rock till ye struck fire, er came out on some Chinese desert. I do believe if you'd buy stocks that was bound to rise in a month the world 'ud come to an end before the month was out."

"Jesso; that's me. Well, you go buy property in Frogtown. You'll be buyin' it; I won't. See?"

"But the flies?"

"I'll go there and settle down as an agent for fly paper, an' there won't be a fly there this summer."—New York Weekly.

Mary Ann all Right.

"An' have ye heard fram Mary Ann since ye was tellin' me she tuck sick, Mrs. O'Raherty?"

"Indade an' I have, Mrs. O'Flaherty."

"An' phat was the matter with her?"

"Nothin' but newmonee I belaves it is they calls it. It's a very catchin' disease among the female actors ivery now an' thed. It sames that they all do git sick once in a while wid it; an' av coarse, Mary Ann, a-studyin' for the shtage, was liable to git it any day. Now, there's Langtry, they say she had it in her fate; a tryin' to lead the shtole, ye know, by havin' it in her fate. Who the divil iver heard av the newmonee bein' in wan's fate?"

"An' is Mary Ann shtill in New York?"

"She is; an' I'm so glad it's only the newmonee she's got—I was so 'fraid it moight be the typhoid faver she did be havin'."—Kentucky State Journal.

A Scouts's Nerve.

Biedler, the famous Montana scout who recently died, was as intrepid as he was fertile of resource in danger. One time at Miles City he came out of the door of a saloon to find himself within twenty inches of a muzzle of a 44-caliber revolver in the hand of a noted desperado, on whose trail the deputy had oftentimes camped.

"I'm goin' to blow the innards out of your skull, you vigilante hound," quoth the bad man.

"Not with that thing," said 'X' (the scout's pseudonym) in a conversational but semi-querulous tone. "It ain't cocked."

The bad man threw up the pistol to see if Biedler was right, and made the mistake of a life, which ended right there. —Chicago Herald.

Willing to Oblige.

McFerguson (on his knees)—"Oh, Maria, be considerate and put me out of my misery at once!"

Maria—"I will, Mr. Ferguson; you stay there till I get the shot-gun."—Puck.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine. "Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER; they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, (if your druggist does not keep them,) WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

NEW STRAWBERRY "LADY RUSK"

The best berry for long distance shipments. Wholesaler, not rot or melt down if packed dry. Headquarters for all leading varieties of Berry Plants and GRAPE VINES having 300 acres in cultivation. Catalogue free. WM. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

In Old Trinity.

A curious incident occurred a few Sundays ago at Old Trinity. The actors were two very well known and wealthy society ladies. It was at a morning service and the church was crowded. During the early part of the service—the psalter and responses—they had maintained an attitude of rapt devotion, with profoundly solemn faces and bowed heads. The Te Deum was arranged to a long and unusually elaborate musical accompaniment, and these ladies had remained seated. The lines, "Let us never be confounded," were sung with a flourish and an operatic staccato which came to a sudden and pronounced close. The silence was heightened by the loud burst of harmony which had preceded; there was no gradual dying away, but a quick, petrifying stop. And in the solemn hush came the sound of a small, shrill, but painfully clear voice, and the words:

"But, my dear, we fry ours in butter."

Dr. Dix raised his hand in a quick gesture of horror; an acolyte laughed aloud, the faces of the congregation variously expressed amusement, chagrin and anger, and amidst the commotion which ensued the very charming Mrs. — was borne, faint and sick, from the church. —New York Star.

Up Hill, Every Time!

Prudent Sister—"If you marry that poor girl, George, you will find matrimony decidedly up-hill work."

George—"Well, what of it, sis? I'd rather go up-hill than down-hill by a great sight!"—St. Louis Magazine.

A Professional Opinion.

Miss Gush—"And so you were in, that awful railroad collision? I suppose the scene beggared description!"

Railroad Officer—"Not exactly; but a few more of them would beggar the company."—Puck.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Trouble and Tribulation.

The man who wouldn't trouble trouble till trouble troubled him, found himself the under dog in the encounter. There is nothing like getting in the first blow. —Puck.

The shrewd girl divides her time between airing impressions and impressing heirs. —Binghamton Leader.

The Widow's Might.

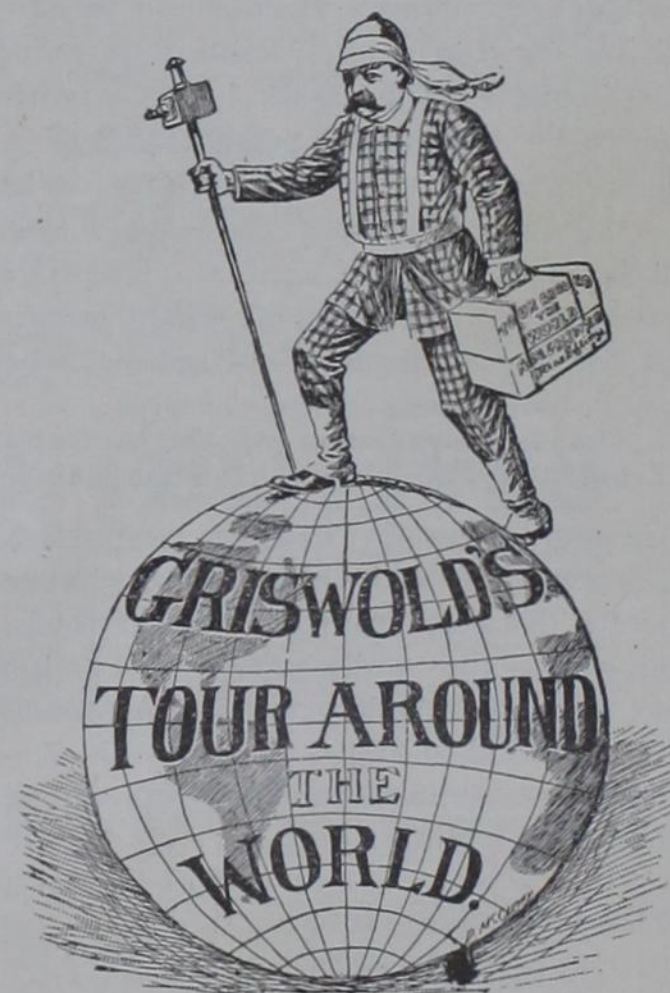
"John," said a wife, who was supposed to be on her death-bed, "in case of my death I think a man of your temperament and domestic nature, aside from the good of the children, ought to marry again."

"Do you think so, my dear?"

"I certainly do, after a reasonable length of time."

"Well, now, do you know, my dear, that relieves my mind of a great burden. The little widow Jenkins has acted rather demurely toward me ever since you were taken ill. She is not the woman that you are, of course, a strong-minded, intelligent woman of character, but she is plump and pretty, and I am sure she would make me a very desirable wife."

The next day Mrs. John was able to sit up, the following day she went downstairs, and on the third day she was planning a new dress. —Rehoboth Sunday Herald.



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A. MINER GRISWOLD,

EDITOR TEXAS SIFTINGS, HUMOROUS LECTURER. Over One Hundred Picturesque and Comic Views.

Major J. B. POND, Manager.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



We have received Pretty Madie Green; words by Hon. W. C. Jones, of Robinson, Ill.; music by Harry Kennedy. This charming *morceau* is dedicated to Dr. and Mrs. W. Duff Green, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Homemaker for March discusses the well worn question, Should Women Vote? The writer doesn't seem to think it necessary that she should and remarks: As long as women can educate their boys to be just, honorable, clean-minded and true, they have a power in their hands infinitely greater and diviner than the power of suffrage.

Indianapolis is about to have a religious newspaper to be called The Ram's Horn, that promises to be unique. The publisher is Elijah P. Brown, editor and humorist, who from a life-long infidel was converted in Chicago some four years ago at a Moody meeting. He then took to preaching the gospel, and became quite a noted evangelist. Mr. Brown made a fortune in Cincinnati printing patent insides for newspapers. He has edited several papers in Ohio, notably the Cincinnati Breakfast Table, which was a great success while he run it. He is a good writer and speaker, and a smart business man. He promises in his prospectus that The Ram's Horn will be full of originality, evangelistic in aim, and as unlike the conventional religious journal as the rams' horns of Joshua were unlike the silver trumpets of Moses. It will endeavor to make religion attractive, and try to show that it is the most joyous thing on earth—full of sunshine, hope and love. It will be humorous in spots, but never frivolous. Humor will be employed for the same reason that merchants put electric lights in their windows: to attract the people, and then show them that there is something inside worth having. Robert J. Burdette, whose wit is always pure as light, will have an article in the first number, which comes out April 15. The Ram's Horn will be issued once a week, at \$1.50 a year.

Trusted too Much in the Youngster.

In some parts of Texas the people live to be very old. An old man of 90, living quite a distance from the nearest town, requiring some family groceries, sent his son, a man of 70 odd years of age. When the son failed to show up with the provisions on time his father reproached himself by saying:

"That's what comes from sending a kid."—Galveston News.

A Sure Sign.

Tom—"Joe is in love."

Dick—"Do you think he's in earnest?"

Tom—"Yes, he carries a revolver."—Yankee Blade.

We'll Suppose a Case.

You are nervous and dyspeptic, your appetite flags, your slumber is broken or disturbed by uneasy dreams, and you court the sleepy god in vain. What shall you do? Try an alcoholic excitant to stimulate appetite, deaden the nerves at bed time with a narcotic? Neither of these. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will, believe us, be more than a trial. You will continue to use this justly renowned nerve invigorant and stomachic. It is in the exigency supposed just what is wanted. It is a healthful stimulus to appetite and digestion, does not excite, but quiets the brain and nerves, is an excellent diuretic and a speedy reformer of a disordered condition of the liver and bowels. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, nullifies the prostrating effects of overwork, mitigates the infirmities of age, and hastens convalescence. Persons exposed to rough weather should use it as a preventive, as should also tired students and business men.

"Called" by an Avalanche.

"The man who has never witnessed one of those avalanches of snow which sweep a mining town out of sight and existence can have but a faint idea of their awful power," said the man on the seat ahead as he laid down his paper and turned around.

"You have seen one then?"

"I have, sir. I have not only seen one, but been through the mill. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Most certainly."

"Well, it was in a Nevada mining town called Last Stop, and the date was three years ago. I was employed as engineer of the mine, and lived in a comfortable shanty on the mountain side above the opening. We were right at the foot of a mountain nearly a mile high, the side running up at an angle of forty-five degrees and covered with small pine. A great deal of snow fell that winter, and there were several slides or avalanches to the right and left of us. The prospects of our getting one were first-class, but it wouldn't be called business to sit around and wait for one.

"It had come along to the night of the 9th of February," continued the man, "when the foreman of the crushers came up to my cabin to have a game of draw poker. We got down to business without loss of time, and inside of an hour I had \$300 of his money. I got every dollar of it by clear bluff, too, as he seemed to have no sand. After about an hour, however, he changed his demeanor and braced up, and from that time on I steadily lost. About 11 o'clock he had won all his money back, and had \$350 of mine stacked up at his elbow. I was pretty well busted when I got three aces, and drew one more and a king. Only one other hand could beat it, and I worked the overseer for all I was worth. When I had all my cash, my watch, my ring, and a month's advance wages into the game I called him. He was about to show his hand, when we heard a rumble like distant thunder."

"The avalanche had started, eh?"

"The noise increased, the shanty began to tremble, and as we rushed for the door the whole outfit was picked up and turned end over end and carried down the valley. When I came to it was three hours later and I had a broken leg. Some men dug me out, and it was two miles from where we started. Next day they found the overseer's dead body."

"Dead, was he?"

"Aye, sir, all smashed to pieces."

"And the money?"

"We couldn't find a shilling of it, and that's where I always felt hurt. We had about \$900 up and it all went. We found the overseer's hand, however."

"Four kings?"

"Not much! He had three of a kind and was bluffing me. I'd have raked the board and had him washing my shirt and blacking my boots for three months to come. Yes, avalanches are very destructive things; also productive of much sadness in the human heart."—N. Y. Sun.

A Literary Man's Hopeful View.

Mr. Charles R. Miller, the editor-in-chief of the New York Times, who combines, as but few journalists do, a discriminating and comprehensive knowledge of literature with a robust capacity for newspaper work, delivered an address before the Goethe Society the other night which is worthy of reproduction in some permanent form. There is in New York no better judge than Mr. Miller of the accidental and fugitive in our literature as distinguished from the normal and permanent. Recognizing, as all observers must, the immense preponderance of the former product, he perceives, as many do not, the vitality of the latter. Bringing

to the treatment of the subject a mind trained by the study of the literature of many lands and tongues, he is not discouraged by the prevalence of vulgarity in newspapers, clap-trap in periodicals, or eroticism in novels. Beneath all this he sees a steadily growing tendency toward excellence. He perceives, as every intelligent critic must, how serious a penalty we pay for the multiplication of readers without taste and writers without conscience. But Mr. Miller has sufficient breadth of view and clearness of insight to discern what is under the froth of our contemporary literature, and what will last after Cheap John newspaper work has run its course. He is right in contending that the man of letters must keep in touch with the social and political problems of his time, if he desires to find a ready market for his wares. But that does not prevent him from seeing that the higher the standard the young writer sets before himself, the better will be his chance of permanent recognition.—The Epoch.

No One Else.

Managing editor enters a humorist's room. Humorist, shoving back his chair, says:

"I was just thinking what a great difference there is between humorists."

"Yes," the managing editor replies, "quite a difference."

"Now," the humorist continues, "Artemus Ward used to chuckle, yes, even laugh, over his own jokes. I am of a different temperament. I never laugh at my jokes."

"Neither does any one else," says the managing editor.—Arkansas Traveler.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels will perform their customary functions in an easy and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Price 25 cents.

Hardly Worth Speaking of.

Hollis Holworthy (trying to grow a mustache)—"Say, Tom, does it show at all?"

Tom Thayer (seriously)—"Well, yes, a little; but never mind, I don't think any one will notice it."—Harvard Lampoon.



A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver, and whole Digestive organs. 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, for the Blood.

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me. But advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

JEWELRY.



Watch Clubs and Installment frauds exposed. For discussion send for Catalogue, free. E. P. PERCIVAL, Watchmaker, 221 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa. 20-year Gold filled Keystone Watches \$15. Elgin, Waltham, Rockford, Springfield Works, \$1 extra. Mention Siftings.

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We want a man in every locality to act as Private Detective under our instructions. Particulars free. Central Detective Bureau, Box 195, Topeka, Kans.

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THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

A NOVEL.

Descriptive of Adventures,

FROM THE CHAPPARAL TO WALL ST.

BY A WALL STREET MAN.

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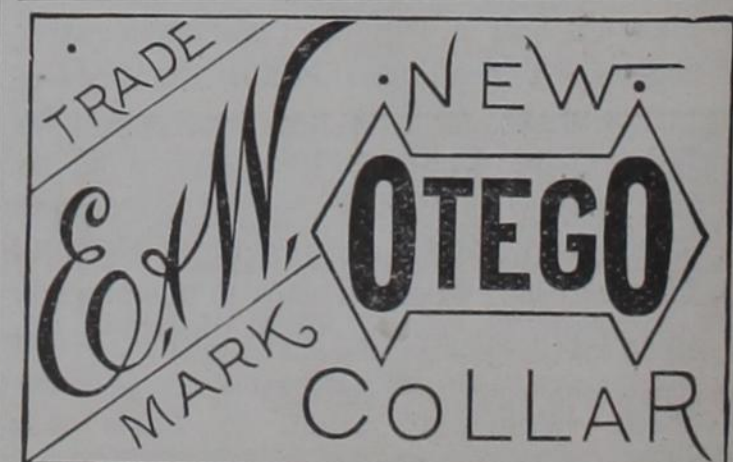
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

THE RAILWAY LUNCH COUNTER SANDWICH.



I dwell in the haunts of hurried men
And have for many ages,
Before the railways were, and when
The public rode in stages.

I can't remember whence I came,
And e'en the oldest liar
Cannot a date so distant name
But I can name one prior.

While time shall last I'll still be so,
Naught can destroy me, never,
For trains may come and trains may go,
But I'll stay here forever.

O, many scores of men I've seen
Come smilingly to greet me,
And mutter something low and mean
Because they couldn't eat me.

They tried to cut me with a dirk,
In coffee sought to drown me;
But all their schemes have failed to work,
I'm still just as they found me.

And when they're gone I'll yet be so,
They can destroy me never,
For hungry men may come and go,
But I'll stay here forever.

Sometimes it makes me sad to see
The aged men and toothless
Put up their hard-earned cash for me,
Because I know I'm useless.

But when smart alecks happen by
It really does delight me
To do my level best and try
To have the gossings bite me.

For well I know they stand no show,
They can affect me never,
For young and old may come and go,
But I'll stay here forever.

And so I while the time away,
The king of money makers,
And gather shekels day by day,
The prince of all the fakirs.

And yet my job is not so nice,
I really do abhor it;
But I command most any price—
The dentist pays me for it.

Thus do I labor on and so
I'll keep it up forever,
For sound teeth come and false teeth go,
But I'll stay here forever.

—Exchange.

THE UNFINISHED STOCKING.

Lay it aside—her work—no more she sits
By open window in the western sun,
Thinking of this and that beloved one,
In silence as she knits.

Lay it aside—the needles in their place—
No more she welcomes, at the cottage door,
The coming of her children, home once more,
With sweet and tearful face.

Lay it aside—her work is done, and well—
A generous, sympathetic, Christian life,
A faithful mother, and a noble wife,
Her influence who can tell?

Lay it aside—say not her work is done—
No deed of love or goodness ever dies,
But in the lives of others multiplies;
Say it is just begun.

—Sarah K. Bolton, in The Independent.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Shall We Eat or Drink?

If all alleged men of science always tell the truth the state of man is indeed most pitiable. His most innocent appetites are a curse. He craves food and drink and he has never succeeded in living very long on this planet without either. But whatever he takes into his stomach is his mortal foe.

Scientific physiologists tell him that alcohol is a deadly poison, and majorities in some of the states believe it, and attempt to protect the human stomach against all alcoholic drinks by law. What, then, shall man drink? Water? No, indeed. For here comes a man of science, armed with a microscope, and tells us that water taken internally kills more people than any other known substance. It is the principal vehicle by which all manner of disease germs are swiftly borne from city to city and from continent to continent. Even such water as contains no living monsters to destroy life is saturated with poisonous minerals and gases. Let no man drink water if he would not die of cholera, or typhoid fever, or some other mortal malady. Boiling the water may kill the animate germs, but it does not destroy the mineral poisons, and if you add tea, coffee, or any other substance to boiling water you only make an infusion more destructive than water itself.

Shall we then drink milk? That appears to be nature's own provision for the gratification of an appetite which seems to have been one of nature's mistakes. But we must shun milk. Cows are subject to pulmonary and other diseases, for they, too, are cursed with an appetite for food and drink, and they, poor creatures, have no scientists to tell them that the only way to prolong life is to abstain entirely from eating and drinking. And so it happens that if we drink milk we swallow consumption, scrofula, and science alone knows what else, that is sure to send us to our long homes.

There is nothing that we can drink with safety. Shall we then eat? By no means. We must abstain, not because the pure-food associations, with their scientific chemists and microscopists, assure us that animal food is diseased and nearly every other kind is abominably adulterated, not excepting sugar and flour, but because every article of food contains more or less of our most remorseless enemy, water. No, there is nothing in all this world that we can either eat or drink. There is death in every pot.

A scientific survey of the situation, with respect to hunger and thirst, eating and drinking, is deeply depressing and distressing; and we are moved to pray devoutly and earnestly either for less science, so that we may go on in blissful ignorance, being born, married, and carried to the cemetery and getting what comfort we can during our brief span of life, or else for more Dr. Tanners to teach us how we may do without eating or drinking at all, and so live more years than Methuselah and at the same time save more than half the labor involved in the struggle for existence—the labor of getting things to put into our stomachs.—Chicago Times.

Stopping the Noise.

When the wayfarer escapes from the deafening snorts of the locomotives in the New York station of the Brooklyn Bridge and emerges on Park Row to note the quiet progress of the Fourth avenue electric car, the great hope rises within him that before very long some of the horrible noises which at present infest our daily life will have passed away. If motor machinery can be made to work as silently as in the case of the electric car,

why tolerate the ear-splitting racket in the bridge station, or the steam puffing and cinders on the elevated roads?

There are several things which indicate that we are at the beginning of the end of the noisy era of urban civilization. The feasibility of a quiet motor power has been noted. There has been a perceptible decrease in the ringing of bells. The factory steam whistles still lift up a sufficiently shrill and disagreeable chorus at certain hours, but they are gradually diminishing under the influence of the almost universal use of clocks and watches. The asphalt pavement has gained a foothold, and that it, or its equivalent with respect to sound, will gradually drive out the nerve and wheel racking stones from the roadways is now comparatively certain.

There is a tremendous waste of energy in the production of city noise. It consumes power and involves an incalculable amount of wear and tear both physical and mental. It wears humanity, shortens life and promotes deafness. That it is an important factor in bringing about the nervous troubles and premature disabilities which are becoming so common among business men is altogether probable. The future looks a little brighter. There will be just as much going on as ever, and more than ever, but there will be less rattle and bang about it. Civilization has of late years set in motion a lot of new machinery which never works quietly at first. Now, let us trust, its clatter is about to be toned down.—N. Y. World.

Prompt and Careful.

Mr. Tick—"How long will it take you to make me a suit of clothes?"

Tailor—"Three days."

Mr. Tick—"All right; and I'll settle the bill in just sixty days from to-day. You'll have 'em ready on time; now, won't you?"

Tailor—"Yes, sir; they'll be ready in just sixty-three days."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Advice was Good.

Butt—"I took your advice and hit that fellow the first time he tried to impose on me."

Merritt—"That was right."

"But he nearly murdered me."

"Pshaw! You didn't hit him hard enough."—Drake's Magazine.



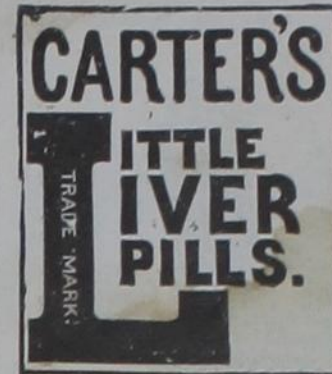
Some
Children
Growing
Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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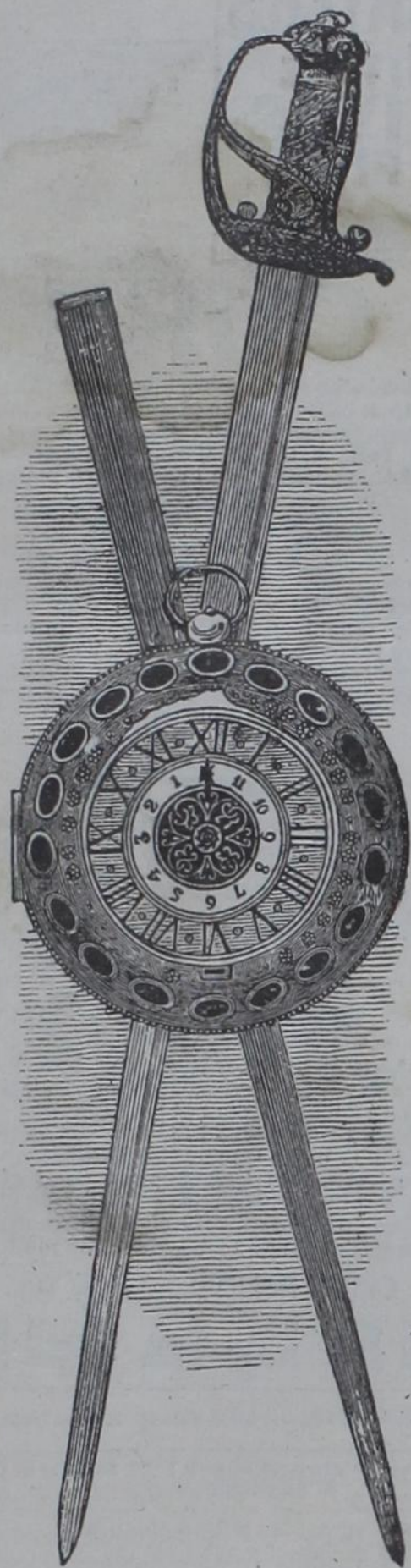
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Sword and Watch of Oliver Cromwell.



The sword represented in the annexed engraving is in the very interesting collection of antiquities in the United Service Museum. This sword is the identical weapon used by Oliver Cromwell at the siege of Drogheda, on the 10th of September, 1649; and it bears on its blade the tokens of war, as there are the marks of two musket bullets on it, which present the appearance of fractures in a peculiar star-like form. The hilt and guard are painted black, and richly ornamented with gilded trophies, arabesques, etc.; the grip is of black shagreen.

The history of the sword, as related in the catalogue of the Museum, is that it was inherited by Joshua S. Simmons Smith, Esq., as a collateral descendant of the Protector; and it was presented by him to the Museum. It is related that, at the siege of Drogheda, Cromwell's troops mounted the breach twice, and were twice repelled; but that he himself led at the third assault, and conquered.

The watch is a singular specimen, and bears the name of Jacques Cartier as its manufacturer. The outer case of the watch is of leather, perforated, and studded with silver. In Scott's "Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England," whence our representation is copied, the watch is said to be a repeater, but we apprehend it is a clock watch, which strikes the hours, as repeaters, strictly so called, are of rather more recent date than this one. This watch is in possession of J. H. Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley Hall.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the watch and sword are not drawn of their proper relative sizes.—Exchange.

Gen. Sherman at the Theatre.

Gen. Sherman occupied a box in a theatre the other evening, and when he was recognized, the audience broke out into loud applause, and before it ended loud cries came from all over the house for "Sherman! Sherman!" The hero of Atlanta rose to his feet, placed his hand

on his breast, and made a profound military bow. The cries and bravos continued, and Gen. Sherman kept bowing and smiling and shaking his head. Finally, raising his hand peremptorily, he commanded silence, and not till then did the applause stop. "It's a wonder," said the general, as he left the theatre, "that the band didn't play 'Marching Through Georgia.' Everywhere I go they play that tune when they know I'm in the crowd, and I confess I like it."—Exchange.

An Amazing Temperance Tale.

"You're a reporter?" observed a new barber in a Nassau street shop the other afternoon as a New York Sun man leaned back in his chair. "I've done considerable writing myself," he continued, as he filled the reporter's eyes with lather. "Yes, indeed. I've written a poem that was published in the Barbers' Journal, and I am at work on a temperance story that will paralyze the rum-sellers. Shall I repeat it?"

As the barber had by this time begun operations on the reporter's chin with his razor, protestation would have been unavailing, and the author continued:

"It begins like this: In a lone house—a small house furnished bare—there sat a thin, pallid woman dressed in meager garments, through which the cold wind blew in fitful gusts. Around her were huddled three thin, pale, half-starved children. There was no food in the pantry, no fuel in the stove. Why was this the case? Ah! that's the question.

"In a low grog-shop in the neighboring hamlet, surrounded by a crowd of drunken men, there sat a being that had once been a man. He was besotted with rum. His bloated face was buried in his red hands. He was asleep. He was a drunkard. Why was he a drunkard? Ah! that's the question.

"Mother, why doesn't father come home?" asked one of the three pale children of the pallid woman in the lonely house. Ah! that's the question.

"I will start out for him and bring him home, mother," exclaimed the child.

"Brave boy!" replied the parent, between her sobs. And so into the cold, dark night the fearless child went out. But why was this midnight and perilous journey necessary? Ah! that's the question.

"A tap at the door of the grog-shop. A deep mutter among the men whose unlawful amusement it had interrupted. The door opened and the child walked in.

"Father," he cried, as he leaned over the sleeping wretch, will you come home with me? Ah! that's the question.

"Father and child—drunken beast and pure, young innocence—hand in hand, pursued their lonely way over the dark and rocky road that led to the deserted home. By the side of the path was a steep precipice. Here the twain paused. The man sat down to think. What thoughts, think you, were passing through his rum-crazed brain? Ah! that's the question.

"They were awful thoughts—thoughts of murder. He had been torn away from his haunts by the firm, pale hand of his little child. His wife had set a spy on his track. The insult should be wiped out. But how? Ah! that's the question.

"Five minutes of silent but awful meditation suffice. Starting to his feet the enraged man grasped his little son by the waist and held him at arm's length over the steep precipice.

"Father," murmured the child plaintively, 'shall I ever see mother again?' Ah! that's the question.

"I don't see why little Johnny doesn't come home, exclaimed the pallid woman in the lonely house as the first streaks of dawn lit up the empty pantry shelves

"Can any harm have befallen him?" Ah! that's the question.

"Dawn saw a pale man, trembling at every joint, gazing with bloodshot eyes over a deep precipice at a little heap of clothes lying on the cruel rocks below. The drunkard's brain reeled with horror. Had he murdered his child? Ah! that's the question.

"In a solitary cell in the Rhode Island insane asylum there sits a pale, thin man, with long white hair and vacant eyes. All day long he moans aloud: 'Why did I do it? Oh, why did I do it?' Ah! my friend, that's the question.

"I think that will produce an effect," continued the barber as he finished the narrative. "The story is a true one, and I have written it in poetry as well as prose. If you will come in to-morrow I will give you a copy of the verses. Thank you. Very much obliged, sir. I'll have them copied out for you. Brush here. Next!"

The next day the reporter found a new barber in the author's place. "Where's your literary man?" he inquired of the proprietor.

"I discharged him last night. He's been on a drunk for the last week and was pretty shaky. He said he was going to the island to straighten up."

TWO HAPPY MEN.

They Both Draw Good Prizes and are Enjoying the Fortune.

Two citizens of this town retired to their beds on the night of February 10th, after a hard day's toil. These men little dreamed that night that the following day would be the happiest, perhaps, of all their lives. They did not dream that they would awake to take possession of a fortune. But they did.

The two men, whose lot on earth has been continuous toil and struggle to make ends meet, became in the course of a day comparatively wealthy.

The men in question are Patrick O'Brien, an industrious driver, residing at 521 South Seventeenth street, and Louis Schroeder, of 1257 North Twenty-fifth street.

Mr. O'Brien purchased the one-twentieth part of the ticket No. 64,385 in the Louisiana State Lottery. Imagine his surprise upon learning on February 12th, that the day previous his ticket won the first capital prize of \$300,000; his share being \$15,000.

Mr. Schroeder did not do quite as well, but he is nevertheless happy over his success. His ticket was the one-twentieth of number 24,519, which drew the fourth capital prize of \$25,000.

Since the drawing the money has been forwarded to the winners by the Southern Express.

Both men say that the money came at the very time it could be used to the greatest advantage, and they are now only sorry for one thing: that they had not purchased a whole ticket instead of the one-twentieth, which cost them each one dollar.—Philadelphia (Pa.) Item, March 1.

English, You Know.

Anglomaniia is a disease arising from a paucity of gray matter in the brain and a superabundance of gall in every direction. I am sorry to see that it still prevails in spots hereabouts, usually in those localities where the members of high-priced society are pastured, and I would like to put in a mild protest to the authorities, in the hope that it may be arrested before it attacks and incapacitates fresh weaklings. One of the saddest forms of the complaint is found among the children that play about the sidewalks of Fifth avenue. For some time it has been the custom, and a very pretty one, too, for mothers to dress their little boys in sailor suits. It is a rather depressing realization that among these American mothers there are many that carry their puny disloyalty to the extreme limit of having the English shield embroidered on the sleeves of their children's coats, and on their caps the name of one of her Majesty's ships. It is little wonder that, with such mothers, there is

Good morning

Have you used PEARS' SOAP?

growing up in New York a lot of hybrid sapheads, that are traitors to their native land because they lack the manly sense required in honoring it.

There is a rosy-faced stripling of long and lank proportions that is now giving imitations of the British cad at the St. Marc Hotel to large and amused audiences. He is just home from old England after a trip of a few months, and now, according to his own account, "drinks Scotch whisky, deah boy, like watah, don't you know," and cannot for the life of him understand what you mean if you call a "biscuit" a cracker. He has great difficulty in counting American money, and when he is told that the price of anything is one dollar, asks: "Aw, heow many shillings is thet, neow?" As this arrangement's years are somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-one, he may grow out of his trouble some day, provided he lives to a ripe old age, which, from the present indications of his mental durability, seems doubtful. He is a striking example of the American silly, laughed at by his own countrymen and despised by the English, whom he strives in vain to imitate. I have no doubt that when he was a child his mother set him to trotting up and down Fifth avenue with "H. M. S. Mushedde" embroidered on his sailor cap. I suppose that accounts for his ability to "drink Scotch whisky like watah, don't you know."—Town Topics.

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